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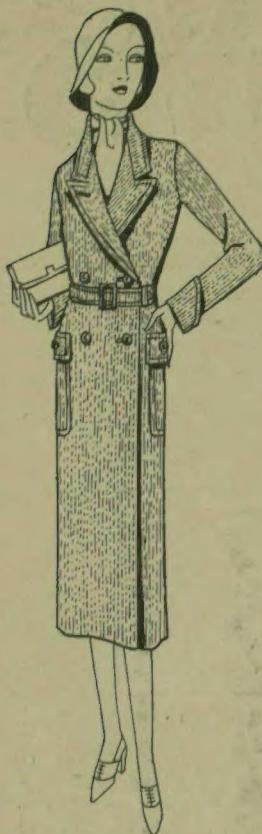
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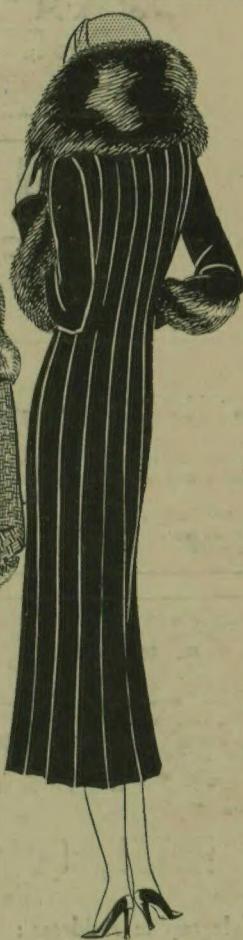


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May be obtained to order in lido, navy, bottle or brown.

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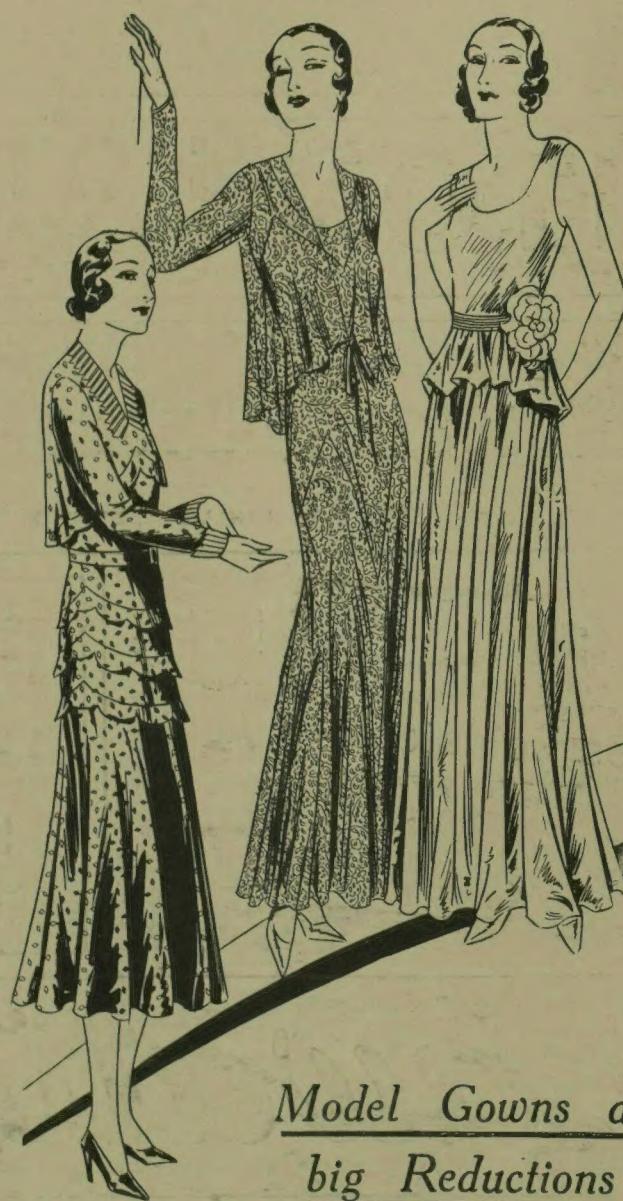
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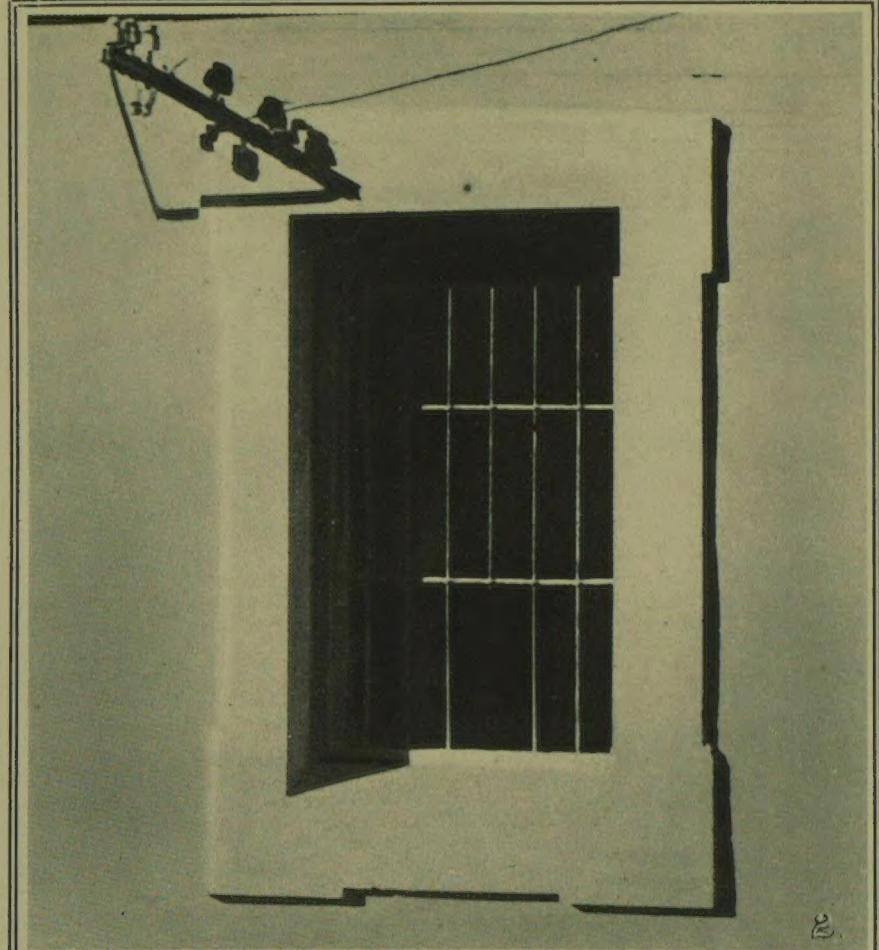
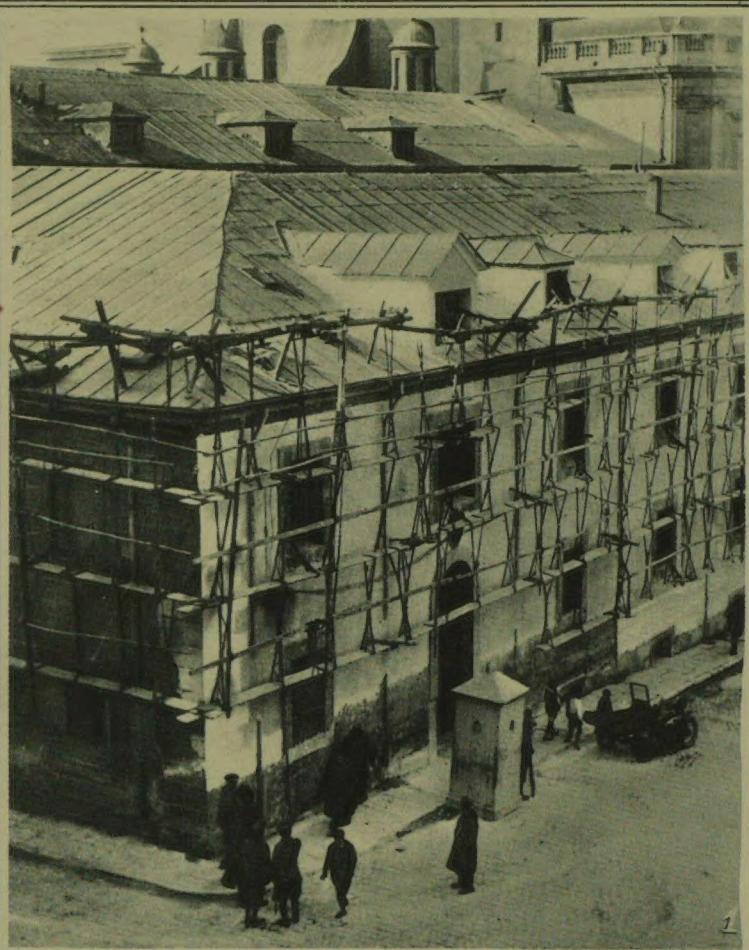
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1930.

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THE UNREST IN SPAIN: (1) THE PRISON FROM WHICH MAJOR RAMON FRANCO ESCAPED BY AN ATTIC WINDOW (SECOND FROM LEFT); (2) THE WINDOW, WITH ONE BAR REMOVED; (3) PABLO RADA, MAJOR FRANCO'S AIR MECHANIC, WITH SEÑORA FRANCO (LEFT) AND A FRIEND; (4) MAJOR FRANCO, THE AIRMAN REBEL, WITH HIS WIFE.

The official Spanish News Service in London stated on December 16: "Under the influence of Major Franco, three officers and other members of the Spanish Aviation Corps stationed at Madrid took part in a demonstration over the capital, dropping leaflets from their aeroplanes. The Government took strong precautions throughout the country, and the situation in San Sebastian, Santander, and Seville was reported to be approaching normality towards nightfall. To avoid capture, Major Franco and his three companions abandoned their followers and fled in their

aeroplanes." One of his companions is said to have been Pablo Rada, his air-mechanic, who had been with him on long flights. The fugitives flew to Portugal, where they were interned. Major Franco was sent to the military school at Masra. Last year, it may be recalled, he attempted an Atlantic flight, fell into the sea, and, after a week adrift, was picked up by H.M. aircraft-carrier "Eagle." Some months ago he was arrested for a breach of discipline, but on November 24 he escaped from the Military Prison at Madrid, illustrated above.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MANY new things and new thoughts will press upon us in the course of the New Year; there will be new problems, the full dimensions of which have not yet developed; the old grouping of the political parties, long a matter of increasing doubt and laxity, will almost certainly have been transformed; the old grouping of classes and economic interests, so much more real than those of political parties, may also have been broken and recombined in a different pattern that would have surprised the older theorists on both sides; religious and ecclesiastical disputes may have come to a crisis, or, rather, to a decisive crisis, instead of the usual indecisive crisis; science will continue to probe the realities of the physical world until some of us begin to doubt whether it is physical, or even whether it is real; newer and bolder questions will be asked by younger and younger philosophers; the rising generation will shed new lights and look at life from new angles; new and surprising inventions and discoveries will . . . and so on.

You have read this paragraph before. You have read it many, many thousand times before. It appears regularly in all speeches, sermons, leading articles, literary essays, and a thousand other things dealing with the new year or the notion of novelty. Barring a few phrases, a few passages where moderate intelligence may have slipped in by mistake, it is exceedingly like the ordinary yearly prophecy which those who have high brows but broad minds offer us as encouragement for the ensuing twelve months. That fresh and fragrant flower is a very hardy annual. Other things may alter, but the announcement of novelty can boast of unbroken antiquity. I can remember that, every year since I was a child, some such Oldest Inhabitant tottered round the town like the Town Crier, ringing a cracked bell and crying in a cracked voice that the usual signs and wonders would take place at the usual time in the near future; that the same surprises as usual might be anticipated with the usual confidence and (presumably) enjoyed with the usual surprise. In short, we are always to expect what we cannot expect, and think about the last thing we could ever think of. This declaration of innovation is evidently something that no innovation is allowed to destroy. The announcement of alterations is never altered. If anyone wishes to see how conservative, how customary, how conventional or traditional we always are, let him look at the unchanging and unchangeable formula in which we annually declare a complete revolution and destruction.

And yet there are several curious things about that formula for the future; and the most curious and, indeed, incredible thing about it is that it is partly true. There are novelties that we shall experience, precisely because they are not the novelties that we shall expect. There are surprises for us in the future, and the most surprising things of all will be those that seem to come to us out of the past. Men now do their best to turn even wonder and amazement into a routine, to make even astonishment automatic; to have a science of surprises, as

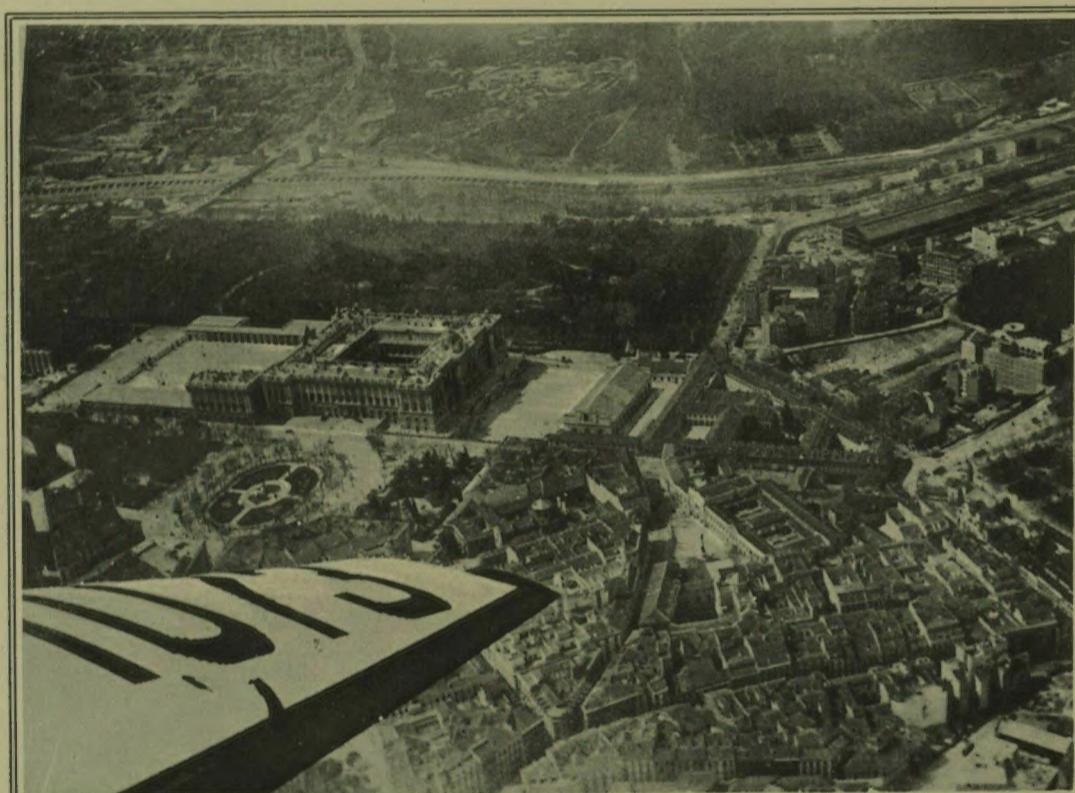
the gambler tries to make a system out of the law of chances. The obliging social prophet is therefore always telling us what he expects us to expect, or what everybody may be expected to expect, when everybody is trying desperately to expect the unexpected. And it is still quite true that what happens will probably be what is really unexpected.

The trouble is that those who have talked most eagerly about a new world are exactly those who do not talk about it in a new way. When they say that, next year or next century, the world will be different, they only mean that the world will be the same, only more so. They are not expecting the unexpected, but merely expecting that what has long existed will be still further extended. It

discoverers, but they are not cases in which we can now be startled by the discovery. We should not now be startled if we woke up after a hundred years and found everybody going about in aeroplanes. We should be much more startled if we woke up and found them going about in hansom cabs.

I fear we shall not immediately enjoy the last vision (though you never know), because it is, generally speaking, easy for men to return to remote things, but not easy for them to return to recent things. I should never be surprised to read a modern Utopia, of the sort that Wells and William Morris made fashionable, in which young lovers were going about in a sort of Greek chariot, as they are pictured going about in a sort of Greek costume. But even a Utopian would hardly proceed laboriously to construct a Utopia and then laboriously reconstruct a hansom cab to put in it. And I fear that truly romantic gondola of my youth is gone, I will not say for ever, but probably for the ages required to make it look as antique as an antique chariot. But that does not alter the fact that it is already so old that it would seem exceedingly new. And most of the things foreshadowed as new developments would not seem in the least new.

The practical probability is that much older things will return, and some of them are already returning. There is no doubt whatever about the return of the oldest thing of all—religion. It is so outstandingly and staringly obvious that even the newspapers have noticed it. Indeed, that sort of public opinion, now often only a private opinion, that is represented by the newspapers has undergone a sort of realistic and even reluctant conversion on the point. The man of that type seems to have gone through three stages since the end of the eighteenth century. First, he said once and for all that religion was dead. Then he said over and over again that religion was dying. And now



WHERE SEDITION IN SPAIN WAS SPREAD AND COUNTERED BY LEAFLETS DROPPED FROM AEROPLANES: MADRID—AN AIR VIEW OF THE ROYAL PALACE, IN THE GROUNDS OF WHICH A REVOLUTIONARY PAMPHLET FELL AND WAS HANDED TO KING ALFONSO.

Aviation played a prominent part on both sides from the very outbreak of the disturbances in Spain, where a noted airman—Major Ramon Franco (of whom a portrait appears on our front page) was a moving spirit of insurrection. On the morning of December 15 two military aeroplanes, with red disks over the national colours, cruised low over Madrid and dropped revolutionary leaflets. In the evening, after the Cuatro Vientos Aerodrome, which the rebels had seized, had been captured by Government forces, and Major Franco had escaped by air to Portugal, a Government aeroplane flew over the city and dropped counteracting leaflets ending: "Remain loyal! Long live Spain! Long live the King! Long live social peace!" King Alfonso, it may be recalled, returned to Madrid on December 12, from a shooting expedition in Estramadura, on learning of the mutiny (quickly suppressed) in the garrison at Jaca. Loyal troops in Madrid marched past the Palace, shouting "Viva el Rey!"

is not very difficult to say that, as we have tall skyscrapers, we may have taller sky-scrappers. It is not a very remarkable mental effort to suggest that, as motor-cars go fast, they might go faster; or that, as aviators fly far, they might fly farther. It is not very violent wrench of the creative powers of the mind to argue that, where we do ten things by machinery, we might some day do fifteen things by machinery. And that is about the limit of the imaginative power in most of the sensational scientific prophecies that have been so fashionable in modern times. We have thought of many ways of going to the North Pole, and we may yet think of some way of going to the other side of the Moon; and there can be nothing really arresting along that line of thought except the truly arresting question of whether we particularly want to go there. An Englishman can communicate with Manhattan by wireless, and he may yet communicate with Mars by more wireless; and, in both cases, nothing remains but the deeper and darker problem of thinking of something to say. But all these things, though they may be wonders, are not surprises. They may be, and are, very wonderful considered intrinsically in relation to the intellectual ingenuity and tenacity of their

he says, with a loud and startled cry, that religion is living, but goes on hastily and earnestly to explain that he cannot accept it unless it is a living religion. In which most of us will agree with him. Only his record for the past century hardly seems to indicate that he is an astonishingly good judge of when or whether a religion is alive. Anyhow, there is no doubt that, judged even by the testimony of this dazed and doubtful witness, the thing lives, though it be risen from the dead.

I am very far from implying that all the things really returning are religious, or are as valuable as religion. I fear an impartial survey will suggest many other possibilities, and even perilous possibilities. These perils are only new in the sense that they are neglected. They are not the perils that most people are talking about. For instance, anybody who has seen the growth of gang organisation, in criminal or half-criminal capitalist ventures in America, will not reserve all his panic for the mere name of Bolshevism. But, whatever perils we have to face, we shall not much longer face them, like the unhappy generation that is passing, without God or hope in the world.

NOW A PLEDGE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP: DURHAM CASTLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR WARD.



DURHAM CASTLE—"FOR PICTURESQUENESS FROM WITHOUT, THE MOST IMPRESSIVE PILE OF BUILDINGS FOR MASS AND SETTING IN BRITAIN": A FINE VIEW OF THE "GREAT HISTORICAL MONUMENT," WHERE IMMINENT DANGER OF COLLAPSE HAS BEEN AVERTED BY A DONATION FROM THE PILGRIM TRUST—WITH THE TOWERS OF ST. CUTHBERT'S CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND.

ONE of the first fruits of the unique Pilgrim Trust, so generously founded by Mr. Edward Harkness, of New York, is seen in the announcement made the other day that "The Trustees of the Pilgrim Trust are placing the sum of £25,000 at the disposal of the committee for the preservation of Durham Castle. In reaching this decision the Trustees were moved by the need of protecting a great historical monument and the adverse economic circumstances of the county of Durham at this time. This welcome donation will enable the committee to proceed uninterruptedly with the work of securing the west front, and encourages them to look forward with confidence to raising the sums still required for the other work." Our readers will doubtless remember that the Pilgrim Trustees were given complete discretion by the donor to use the fund for any purpose covered by the legal word "charitable." In the preamble of the Trust Deed, Mr. Harkness explained that this unique gift was made in acknowledgment of Great Britain's sacrifices both during the war and in the succeeding years of peace; from the affection felt by an American citizen.

[Continued opposite.]



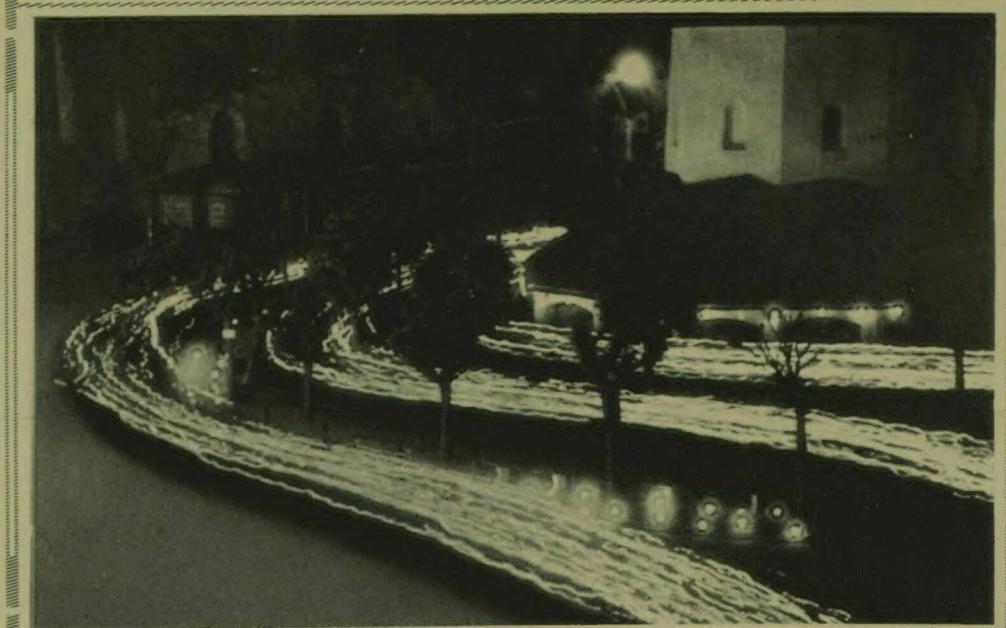
"AN EXTRAORDINARY LEGACY OF ARCHITECTURE AND HISTORIC MEMORIES": THE NORMAN CASTLE AT DURHAM; WITH SCAFFOLDING FOR ARRESTING THE SUBSIDENCE OF THE FOUNDATIONS—A WORK NOW ENSURED BY THE PILGRIM TRUST DONATION.

Continued.]
for the country of his descent; and in the hope that such a gift, wisely applied, may assist Great Britain in tiding over the present time of difficulty. In 1929 the perilous position of Durham Castle was fully realised. The sum needed to save it was immense, and the prospects seemed to be gloomy. The west front of the Castle, which stands on the edge of a sheer cliff overhanging the river, was in most imminent danger. Writing a year ago in the "Observer," Mr. J. C. Squire reminded his readers, in a lengthy letter, of the urgency of the need, and the unique value of Durham. "There, on its high rock . . . is the Cathedral, there is the vast castle, there are all the offices of a great prince-bishopric, intact and in use; an extraordinary legacy of architecture and historic memories, and for picturesqueness from without the most impressive pile of buildings for mass and setting in Britain. The State can do nothing (the castle, forsooth, is an 'inhabited' house): no great philanthropist has yet stepped into the breach . . ." Mr. Squire's sigh of longing has been heard: the great philanthropist has appeared.

THE BLACK VIRGIN OF ALTÖTTING: A FAMOUS 14TH-CENTURY MADONNA AND CHILD.

ALTTÖTTING, a Bavarian town, eight and a half miles from Mühldorf, on the Morren, not far from the point at which it joins the Inn, is especially famous for its Holy Chapel, an early Romanesque structure, standing in the market-place, which enshrines a miraculous image of the Virgin Mary and contains urns holding the hearts of nineteen Bavarian princes. To this *Heilige Kapelle* Roman Catholics from Central Europe have made pilgrimages for many years; indeed, it can be said that not a day passes without its pilgrimage. Writing after a recent visit, a German correspondent said: "For centuries no place has been more popular as a centre of healing than Altötting, with its ancient Holy Chapel and its image of the Madonna: the Bavarians regard it as their most sacred spot. The beginnings of the town are in the dawn-days of Bavarian history. In 748 it was mentioned as belonging to the Duchy. After the fall of Tassilo it became Carolingian Crown property. In 867 Karlmann founded a Benedictine Monastery there. Then Otting—as it was called at that time—came

[Continued in Box 2.]



NIGHT IN ALTÖTTING OF THE BLACK VIRGIN:
THE PILGRIMS' WAY TO THE HOLY CHAPEL
MARKED BY A STREAM OF EVER-MOVING LIGHTS.



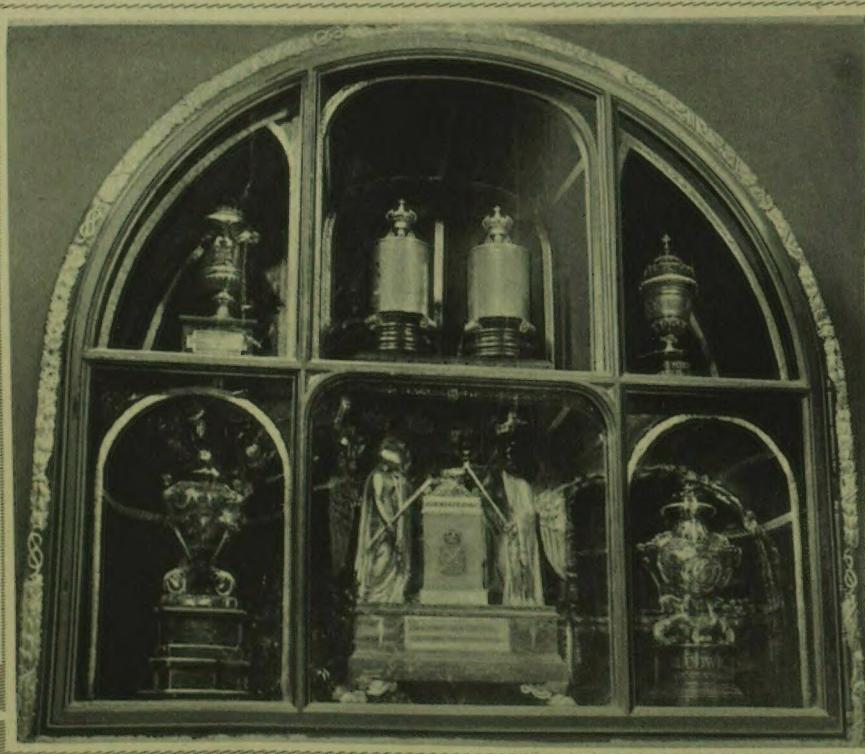
THE BLACK VIRGIN IN ITS NATURAL STATE:
THE MIRACULOUS MADONNA, WHICH IS OF
TIME-DARKENED LIME-WOOD, IS ONLY 65
CENTIMETRES HIGH, AND DATES FROM 1300.



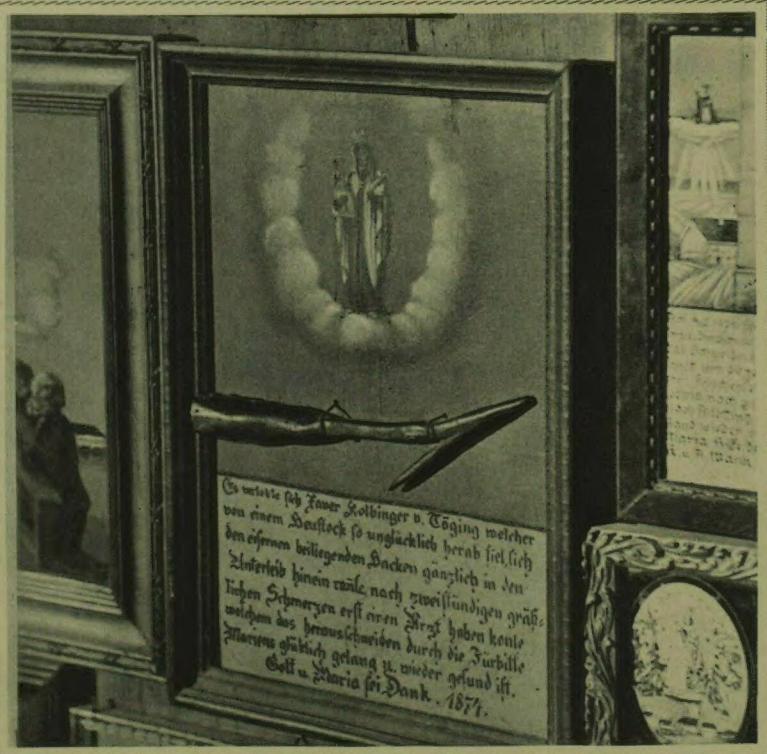
AFTER MANY HOURS, OR DAYS, OF TRAVEL ON FOOT:
PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY TO THE HOLY CHAPEL.



CROWNED AND CEREMONIALLY ARRIVED:
THE VIRGIN—AND THE CHILD—IN RICH ROBES
STUDDED WITH PRECIOUS STONES; AND THE
VIRGIN GIVEN A SCEPTRE.



HOLDING THE HEARTS OF BAVARIAN PRINCES: URNS ENSHRINED IN THE HOLY
CHAPEL, WHICH THE BAVARIAN DUKES WHO OWNED "OTTING" ENDOWED
LIBERALLY.



A STRANGE VOTIVE-OFFERING: A HOOK REMOVED FROM THE BODY OF
A PEASANT WHO HAD FALLEN ON IT FROM A HAYSTACK AND WAS
CURED MIRACULOUSLY IN 1874.



IN THE CHAPEL DURING A PILGRIMAGE: CROSSES THAT ARE BORNE BY THE SUPPLIANTS—
SOME OF THEM CARRIED FROM AFAR; OTHERS DISCARDED BY PREVIOUS PETITIONERS
AND USED AGAIN AND AGAIN.

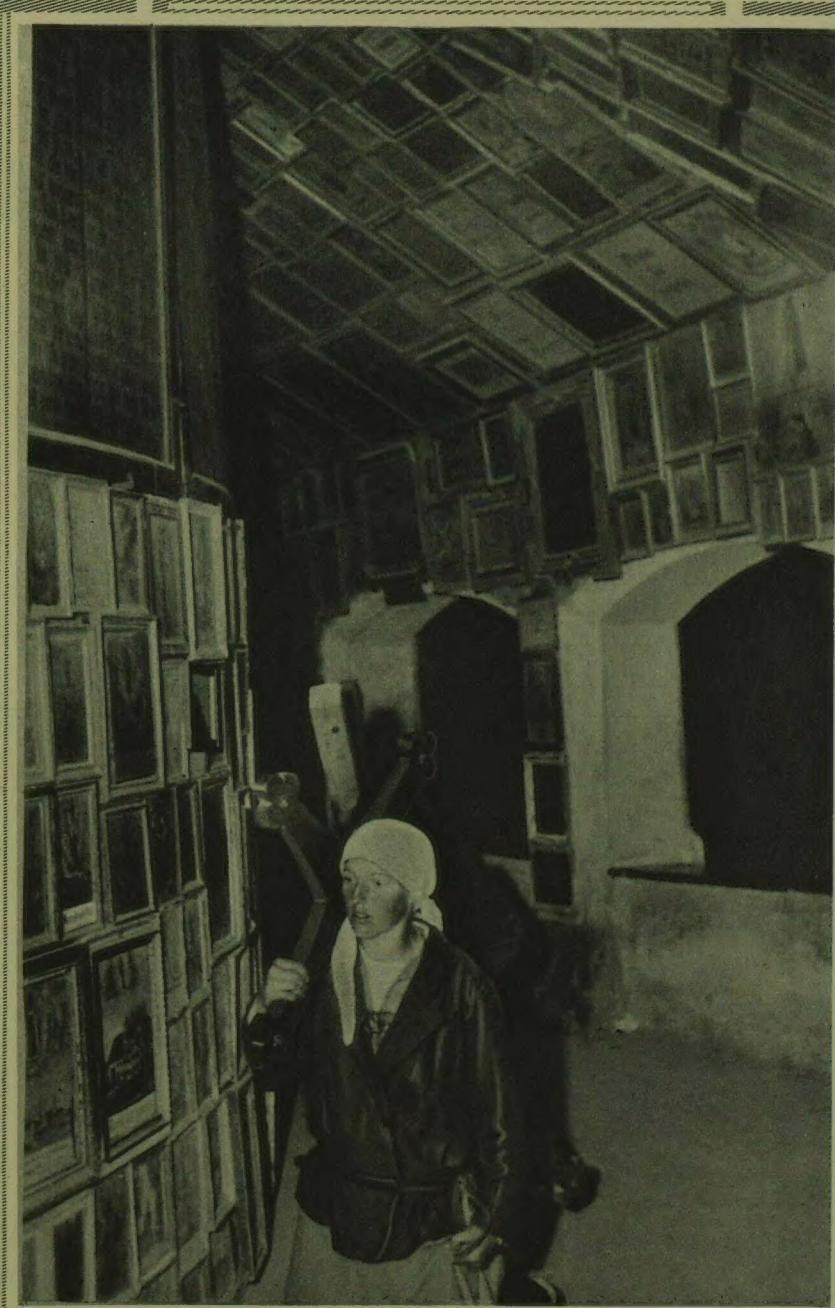
into the possession of the Bavarian Dukes, and it was richly endowed by them. The story of the pilgrimages begins in 1490. Concerning that period, the chronicler Veit Arnbeck wrote: 'A great pilgrimage to Our Virgin's Chapel at Altötting has taken place, to which came the Emperor Frederick; and, on St. Matthew's Day, Duke George of Bavaria went there.' Before long, pilgrims from all over Europe were visiting the spot, and it was planned to erect for them an enormous building with a chapel as its centre, after the manner of Loreto and Assisi, for example. Fortunately, this scheme did not materialise, and the old chapel remained in its early state. Even the present chapel includes parts of the original structure. The place of miracle-working is the centre of the old Carlovingian Pfalz Chapel, the 'dark, ancient Chapel of Our Dear Lady on the green pastures,' as Martin Eisengrein had it in 1571. Here, in a niche, surrounded by small figures and ornaments,

[Continued in Box 3.]

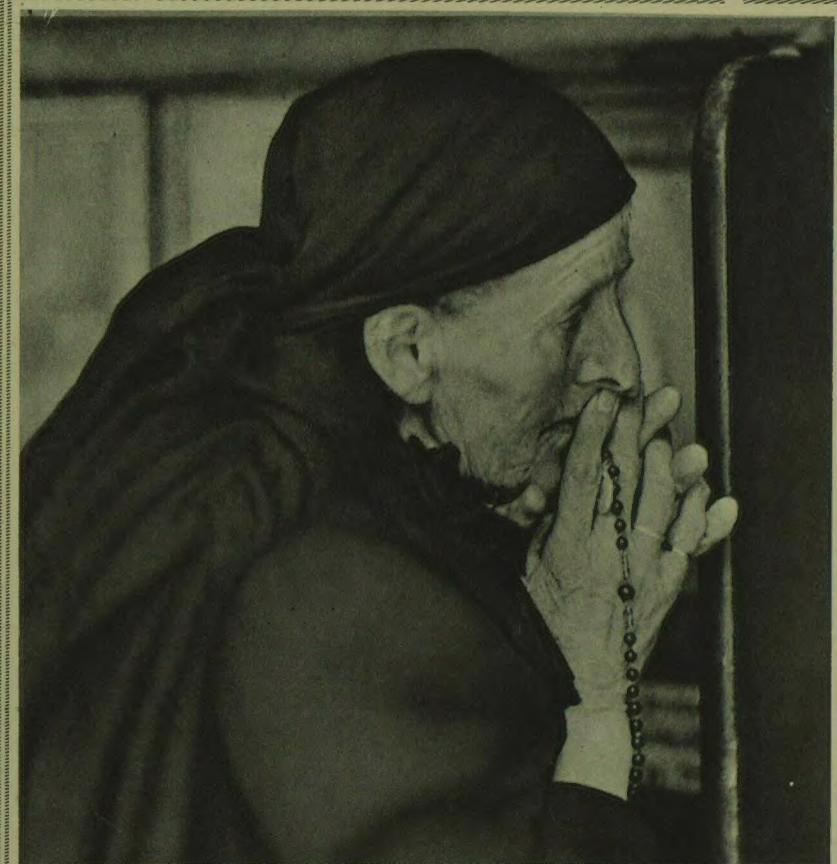
AN IMAGE CREDITED WITH HEALING: MIRACLE-SEEKERS IN AN OLD BAVARIAN CHAPEL.



BEARING HER CROSS ROUND THE HOLY CHAPEL: A SUPPLIANT DRAGGING ALONG ON HER KNEES, PRAYING "O MARY; O MARY, HELP ME. A POOR SINNER COMES TO YOU."



DRAGGING ROUND THE CORRIDOR OF THE HOLY CHAPEL ON HER KNEES:
A SUPPLIANT TO THE FAMOUS MIRACULOUS BLACK VIRGIN OF ALTÖTTING FOLLOWING THE CUSTOMARY RITUAL.



PRAYING TO THE VIRGIN OF ALTÖTTING: A SUPPLIANT IN THE CHAPEL OF THE MIRACULOUS IMAGE, TO WHICH THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS MAKE THEIR WAY WEARILY BUT HOPEFULLY, SEEKING CURE OF MIND OR BODY.

is the Madonna—"the Black Virgin of Altötting," a fine work of the Bavarian School, dating from 1300; a carving in lime-wood, 65 centimetres high. The pilgrims come singly and in groups, and usually on foot, wandering for days or, at least, for many hours. Should they arrive at night they walk around the little chapel until the morning, for the majority cannot afford any greater outlay on lodgings than is necessary. Old women are among them, and the lame, and old men. Each bears a cross as a sign of penitence. They make no claim to be holy: they are merely suppliants praying to be rid of mental or physical ills. And they drag themselves round the chapel on their knees, carrying their crosses, even as in the Middle Ages: repeating: 'O Mary; O Mary, help me. A poor sinner comes to you.'




THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

TILL DEATH US DO PART.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

OPINIONS are, as yet, very much divided as to whether we ought to look kindly on the new suggestions as to "companionate marriage" or whether we should denounce the idea with virtuous indignation. As in every other aspect of human relationships, we can learn much by seeking for parallels in the animal kingdom. Here we find no semblance of "marriage" until we come to creatures wherein the two sexes lead independent lives. And these all display, in varying degrees of intensity, special modes of bringing the two perhaps widely sundered sexes together. There must first of all be the "urge" to seek for a mate, and this search is intimately linked with a quality which we may call a "sense of awareness" in interpreting the significance sometimes of peculiar odours widely diffused, sometimes of peculiar behaviour, which, in the birds, for example, we commonly call "courtship behaviour." This involves the correct interpretation of a whole series of antecedents and sequences before the end to be attained is reached. These make a long story, which I endeavoured to tell in my "Courtship of

How this amazing state of affairs came about we can only conjecture. The fact that these fish—and there are several species showing this phenomenon—live lonely lives, and in utter darkness, at great depths in the sea, may have been a factor. But there are hosts of other fishes living under like conditions where the two sexes live independent lives, and in normal fashion.

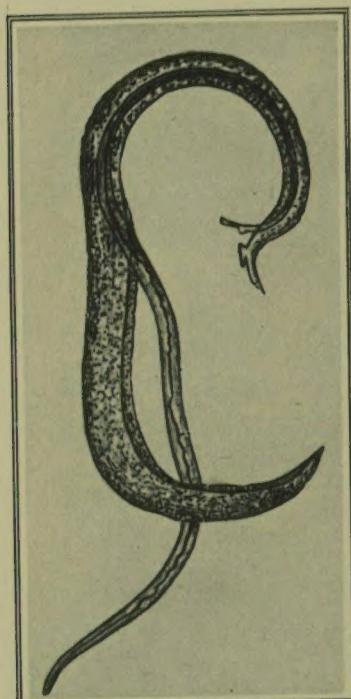
There seems no escape from the conclusion that these males, while still in their early larval stage, must be drawn to the females by some sort of "chemotaxis"; that is to say, some innate and instant response to odours emitted by her, and that they seize hold of her at the first moment of contact, which may be made on the abdomen (Fig. 3) or on the head. Sometimes two, and as many as three, attach themselves to the same female, who is, probably, quite unconscious of their presence. Many larval fish have an adhesive sucker on the head to enable them to anchor themselves on to inanimate objects, and some such sucker may be borne by these larvae. The larvae of the lump-sucker, it is to be remembered, always attach themselves to the mother by their suckers. The stimulus of such adherence, in the case of these larval angler fish, apparently starts an answering response of the female tissues at the point of contact. The rest we know.

Probably these larvae are hatched in swarms, for only thus could any contrive to achieve their function, since the chance of a solitary female swimming through their midst must be small. Excessively minute males are produced among some of the barnacles. Here again two or more males may be carried, lodged each in a pouch, just inside the mantle of the female.

It is interesting to note here that the barnacles are largely hermaphrodites, producing alternately ova and sperms. The function of the occasional males is to reduce the ill-effects of in-breeding. These males effect their entrance in the larval state, and during this free-swimming stage they apparently store up sufficient tissue to last the period of functional activity, for, as adults, they must fast. But here again these "complemental" males, as they are called, are anchored, for the duration of their life, to the mantle of the female. In some cases, this anchorage forms an organic connection with the

the Trematode worm (*Bilharzia*) (Fig. 1), so common in Egypt. Here the female is carried in a long groove on the ventral surface of the male. This is known as the "gynæcophoric canal," formed of folds of the skin, recalling the similar groove which forms a pouch along the ventral surface of the male pipe-fish, wherein the eggs are carried.

Another singular case is that of the curiously aberrant bristle-footed worm *Myzostoma*, wherein the male is reduced to insignificant proportions and lives attached to the back of the hermaphrodite female, which is parasitic on sea lilies, causing "galls" on the arms. But, strangely enough, it would seem that occasionally, at least, these males may themselves become transformed into hermaphrodites. But there are at least three species of *Myzostomum*, and they display many other puzzling features awaiting further investigation. Finally, let us take the strange

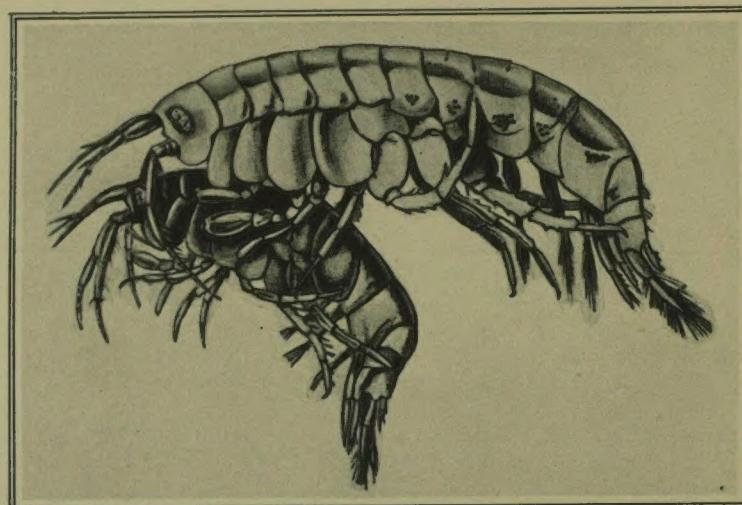


1. THE TREMATODE WORM *BILHARZIA*: A SPECIES IN WHICH THE MALE CARRIES ITS MATE IN A DEEP GROOVE IN THE VENTRAL SURFACE OF HIS BODY.

Animals" and "Camouflage in Nature" a year or so ago. To attempt to give even a condensed summary of this aspect of animal life, including human beings, would leave me no space for the strange facts I want to set down here. Suffice it to say that, while some animals certainly seek a fresh mate every year, others, we have reason to believe, pair for life.

Speaking generally—for there are some notable exceptions—the search for a mate does not begin until the time of puberty. The most striking of these exceptions is furnished by certain deep-sea angler fish where the males are parasitic on the females—a state not unknown in human affairs—but the conditions here are unique among the vertebrates. For the males have grafted themselves on to the females until they have become indeed "bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh." This fact was first discovered by Dr. C. Tate Regan, the Director of the British Museum (Natural History).

He found, on examining microscopic sections of one of the males, that it is not only attached by the head to her body, but that, as a consequence, the tissues of that head have become, as it were, welded into the tissues of the female, so that his blood-vessels, interwoven with hers, share a common blood-stream. And through this alone can any nourishment reach him; for it must be remembered that all the wasted tissues of the body are repaired only through the emulsified food taken up from the digestive organs and the lymphatic system, and conveyed to them by this stream. The head and jaws, and the digestive organs of the male, deprived of their functions of feeding the body, have, from this lack of use, become reduced to mere vestiges, and the skeleton has suffered a like fate. His body forms, in short, but a mere excrescence on that of his mate. Its only function, indeed, is the production of "milt" to fertilise the eggs. Here, indeed, is a case of being "tied to his wife's apron-strings."

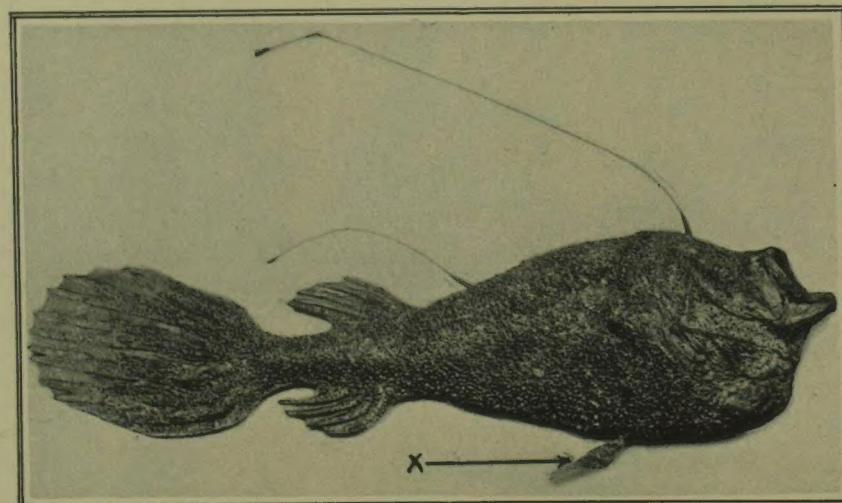


2. A MALE OF *GAMMARUS LOCUSTA* SWIMMING WITH HIS MATE HELD IN HIS FORE-LEGS: A CASE OF CONJUGAL PARASITISM WHICH SEEMS TO BE OF RECENT DEVELOPMENT.

case of the "fresh-water shrimp" (*Gammarus pulex*) of our streams and ditches, and of the larger marine species (*G. locusta*) (Fig. 2). Herein—and I should not be surprised to find it in other species of the genus—the male carries the much smaller female about with him as he swims, held between his front legs.

Here, probably, we have a clue to the origin of this curiously intimate relation between the sexes, and the ultimate degeneration of one of the partners. It seems, in short, that in *Gammarus* this habit is but a comparatively recent development, and that in due time a groove will be formed along the ventral surface of the male into which the female will be drawn up. A logical sequence to this would be an organic connection between the two, whereby the female would come to depend for nourishment on the tissues of the male. As this process progressed, she would take in less and less food by the mouth, until at last her alimentary canal would disappear, as it has done in the "complementary males" of the barnacles.

These strange inter-relationships between the two sexes, and their stranger sequences, are to be set down, not to the action of "Natural Selection," but to persistent habit. If we could only discover when and why the male *Gammarus* started



3. A FEMALE DEEP-SEA ANGLER FISH (CERATIAS): AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH IN WHICH HER TINY DEGENERATE AND PARASITIC MATE (X) IS SEEN ATTACHED TO HER LIKE A TASSEL.

In this and some other deep-sea relatives of the Angler-fish, the male is permanently engrafted on to the female, and has, in consequence, become reduced to the condition of a parasite—a mere excrescence on the great body of his mate.

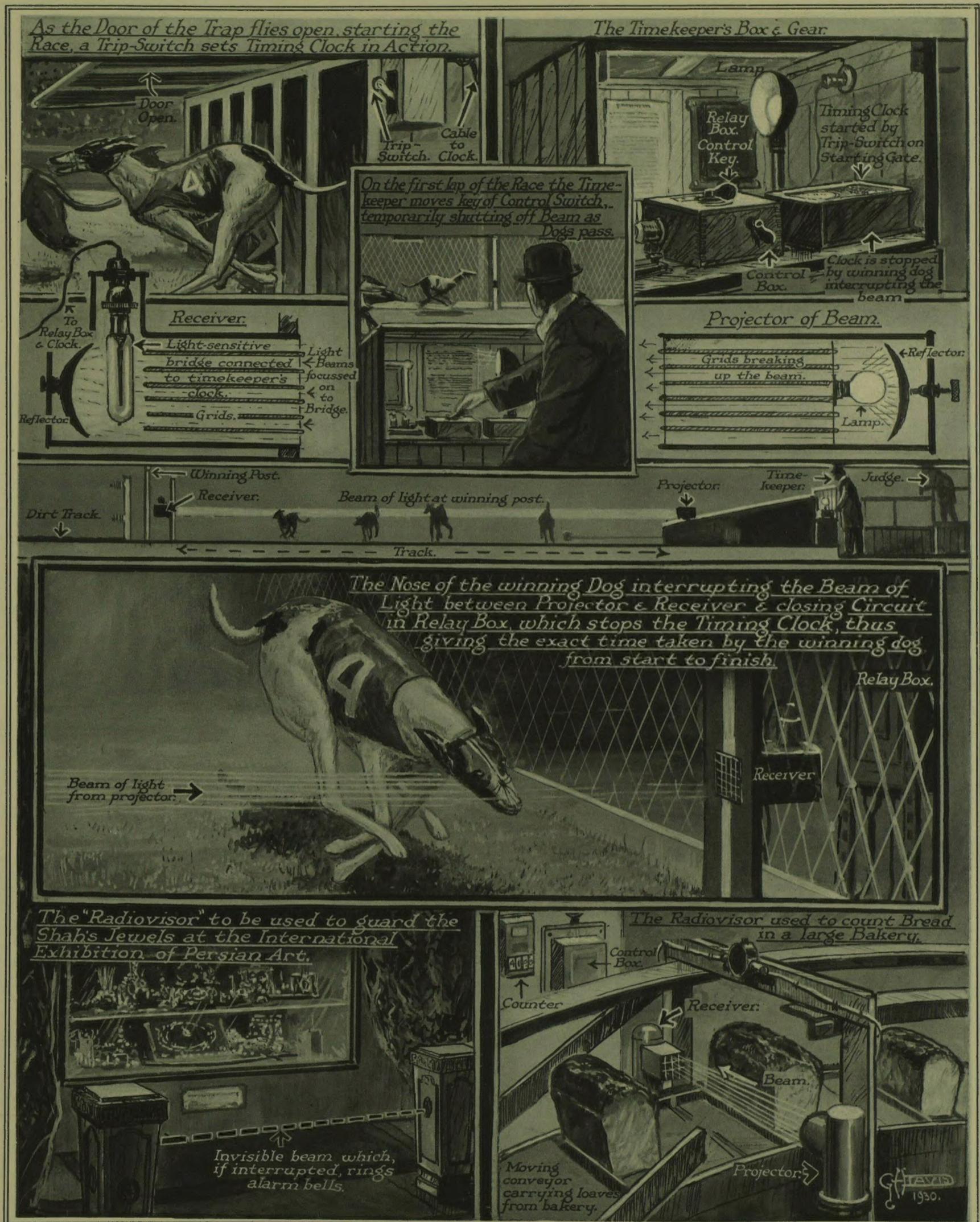
mantle, which must be torn away if the male is to be removed for closer examination.

Somewhat less intimate is the union between male and female in that dreadful human parasite,

to seize upon and carry about his mate, we should be well on the way to interpret these other cases. Is the much smaller-sized female a consequence of this habit?

USES OF LIGHT-BEAMS: TIMING DOGS; LOAF-COUNTING; BURGLAR-TRAP.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY RADIOPRIVATIS PARENT, LTD., AND WEMBLEY GREYHOUND RACING TRACK. (COPYRIGHTED.)

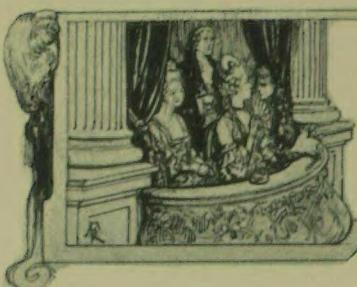


TIMING GREYHOUND RACES AT WEMBLEY; RECORDING A BAKERY'S OUTPUT; AND GUARDING THE SHAH'S JEWELS AT THE PERSIAN ART EXHIBITION: NEW APPLICATIONS OF THE "RADIOVISOR" RAY OF LIGHT.

The latest scientific appliance to assist the very popular sport of greyhound racing is the Radiovisor Timing Beam, now installed at the Wembley track, near London. At the winning line is placed a projector fitted with an electric lamp and reflector. The beam from the lamp is focussed on the receiver fixed on the opposite side of the track. The receiver contains a light-sensitive cell, or bridge, which operates through relay to the control of the timekeeper's clock. Also attached to this clock is a trip-switch, held in the "off" position when the door of the starting box is closed. When the door flies open, releasing the dogs, at the beginning of a race, the trip-switch is released and starts the timing

clock. As the dogs flash past the winning post on the first lap, the light-beam is switched off (the clock, however, continues to take the time). Then, at the finish of the race, when the nose of the winning dog interrupts the beam, the clock is instantly stopped, and the winner's time is accurately recorded. A similar device is to be used for motor-racing. Among other recent uses of the "Radiovisor" is counting bread coming from the oven on a movable conveyor at a bakery, the loaves interrupting the beam and automatically counting themselves. The burglar alarm for which the "Radiovisor" first became famous is to be used, slightly altered, to guard the Shah's priceless jewels at the Exhibition of Persian Art.

G. H. DAVIS
1930.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



A CURIOUS YEAR. A year of some grace and some disgrace. A year of a remarkable string of failures, of the usual outcry, "The theatre is going to the dogs," of great strides in the development of

THE DRAMA IN 1930.

character-drawing. "Charles and Mary," by Miss Joan Temple, a clever portrayal of Lamb and his times, had a little vogue at Hampstead, but was spoilt when another management took it up and marred it by methods incongruous with the author's ideas.

"Suspense," by Mr. Patrick McGill, gave a grim and veracious picture of a war-phase, but, coming in the wake of "Journey's End," it suffered by comparison. By the way, Mr. R. C. Sheriff's second bid for fame, "Badger's Green," a light comedy of the cricket field, warranted the apprehension that "Journey's End" might be a *vers solitaire*. It had a good first act. The rest was amateurish.

Of melodramas we had two of real merit: Messrs. Jack de Leon and Celestin's "The Silent Witness," with a poignant trial-scene; and "On the Spot," by Mr. Edgar Wallace, a study of the super-crook methods of Chicago that was voted on both sides of the Atlantic as surpassing the cleverest efforts of American authors in this direction by the veracity of its observation and the *milieu*-painting.

"A Murder Has Been Arranged," by the young actor-author, Mr. Emlyn Williams, also found great favour

with the general public.

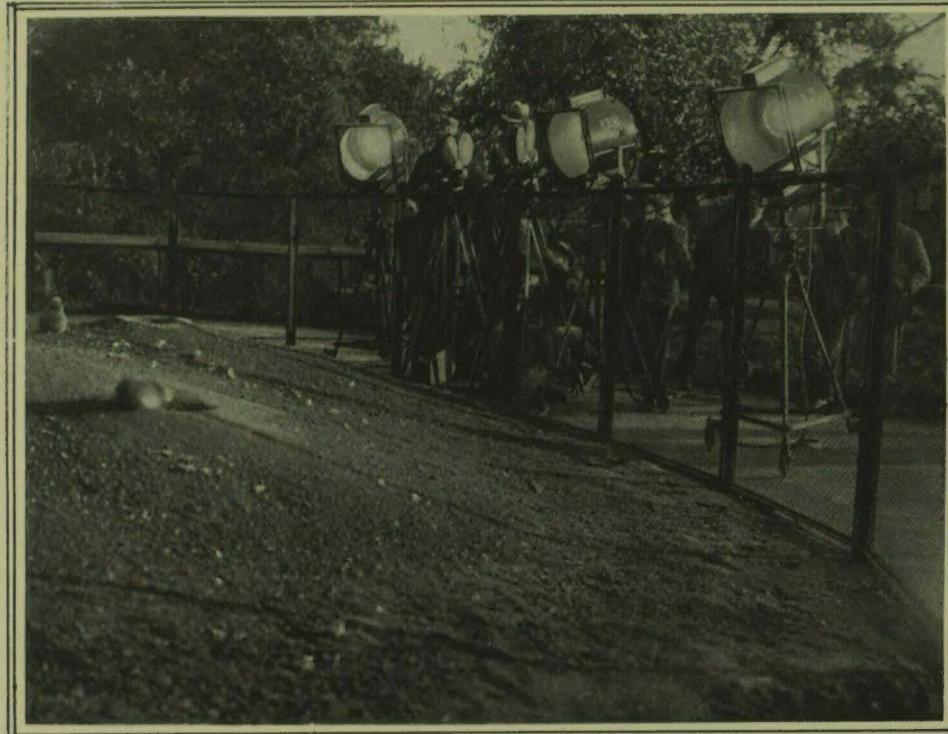
It is a rather impossible mystery affair illuminated by the Welsh flights of imagination of this rising young author.

Of course, besides those named there were a good many plays in 1930 that would deserve an honourable mention; but, frankly, of some two hundred and fifty nights spent at the theatre, I recall scarcely two dozen names that would conjure up graphic memories. And many of these were not provided by regular theatres, but by the Sunday Societies and little side-street theatres that are cropping up everywhere in the Metropolis and in the provinces. In London we have now—Everyman, struggling, but still hanging on;

the Gate, the theatre of bizarre plays of very modern authors; the Little, a new enterprise of Mr. Maurice Browne's, badly started with an ultra-precious revue, yet promising work of quality; the Players, a theatre as big as a bedstead—which is the Dutch expression for little stages—exploiting the young and sheltering provincial实验ists; and, latterly, the Faculty (of Arts) Theatre, which opened with revivals of Ibsen and Conrad. But the Arts remains the principal of them all. Here we saw an interesting but faulty play of Mr. C. K. Munro's, "Mr. Eno"; a very fine, penetrating work of Mr. Reginald Berkeley's, "Machines," written in the manner of "The Adding Machine," but more human; here the Cosmopolitan Theatre—my own—has, with great success, exploited plays in French, German, Russian, and Italian, all manned by English actors.

Meanwhile, the Old Vic, under the blissful rule of Miss Lilian Baylis and that fine producer, Mr. Harcourt Williams, holds its own, and has found in Mr. John Gielgud a magnificent Hamlet, worthy to vie with Mr. Henry Ainley's auspicious return to health and glory in the part; and anon the Sadler's Wells Theatre will arise like a phoenix and perpetuate "down east" the worship of Shakespeare under Miss Baylis's sceptre. We have not forgotten, either, Mr. Balio Holloway's remarkably fine characterisation of Richard III.

But the greatest event of 1930—I say it with rightful pride—is the advent of the People's Theatre at the Fortune. We started it three months ago with literally nothing. With the help of the Press we enrolled 30,000 members. We opened with the modern classic, "The Man from Blankley's," with an all-star cast ready to work for glory at small pay, and anon we shall invade the provinces—Manchester, Liverpool, Scotland—and we hope that this will be, while others talk, the construction of the much-desired National Theatre. Meantime the Chancellor of the Exchequer has come down on the embryonic enterprise with a claim for £550 in taxes—a fourth of our hard-earned capital. Thus does Old England support the idealists who work for the intellectual progress of the people! But are we downhearted? Nay, we carry on, *per ardua ad astra*. And so I, for one, bid farewell to 1930 in gratitude for its seedlings, albeit that the harvest was meagre.



MAKING A "SECRETS OF NATURE" FILM: THE BATTERY OF CAMERAS AND ARC LAMPS USED BY BRITISH INSTRUCTIONAL FILMS TO "SHOOT" THE MARMOTS AT THE "ZOO."

Little Theatres, and some signal successes memorable for all time. Two plays, which saw the light in the same week, stand out as flaming beacons of excellence—one American and one English. The American one is "Street Scene," the touching picture of real life in a mean street of New York; the other, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the life and environment of a great man, Robert Browning, crystallised in a chronicle of rare interest and grace of style. By this work, Mr. Rudolf Besier, too seldom heard lately in the theatre, may lay claim to rank with our foremost dramatists, Pinero, Shaw, Galsworthy. Of Bernard Shaw we had nothing new, but "The Apple Cart" of 1929 reached far into the first half of 1930; of John Galsworthy, too, no fresh contribution, but a string of revivals, including "The Skin Game," perpetuating the value of his work. Next to the two plays mentioned, I would award the order of merit of the year to the original work of a young bookseller of East London, "Down Our Street," by Ernest George, a wonderfully realistic picture of the lives of little souls as focussed from the window of his shop. In this Miss Nancy Price, the co-directress of the People's Theatre, made a great hit as the tragic-comic heroine. Almost at the close of the year there followed another work of remarkable value, a firstling of Miss E. M. Delafield's, "To See Ourselves," the gentle story of a humdrum marriage drifting, after a little upheaval, into the calm waters of resignation. The subject has been often treated before, but never so originally, so feelingly, so stimulatingly tinged with irony. Miss Delafield, daughter of the famous author Mrs. de la Pasture, has, with this first fling, revealed herself as a dramatist with great possibilities.

Humour has greatly added to its dominion in 1930. Mr. Somerset Maugham was as brilliant and cynical as is his wont in "The Breadwinner"; Mr. Noel Coward made all the world laugh with his flippant but ingenious comedy, "Private Lives"; much the same applies to Mr. H. M. Harwood's "The Man in Possession," who also provided Miss Gladys Cooper and Sir Gerald du Maurier with a fascinating comedy, "Cynara"; whilst in "Leave it to Psmith," Messrs. Wodehouse and Ian Hay, with their peculiar *genre* of fun, set all London laughing.

In more serious vein was Mr. and Mrs. Stuart's engrossing play, "Nine Till Six"—a romance of shop life, graphically drawn. It was a failure in New York, but in London it appealed to the press and public alike by its gentle realism and excellent



A BOTANICAL "CLOSE-UP" WHICH MAY TAKE SIX MONTHS TO COMPLETE: MR. PERCY SMITH AND AN ASSISTANT ENGAGED IN FILMING THE GROWTH OF A CACTUS PLANT (LEFT) FOR A BRITISH INSTRUCTIONAL FILM.

Botanical subjects in the now well-known "Secrets of Nature" Films often take more than six months to film. The automatic camera exposes at intervals throughout each day and night; while a bell rings if anything goes wrong with its mechanism.



A GERMAN COUNTERPART OF THE MAPPIN TERRACES: THE NEW BEAR-GARDEN IN THE LEIPZIG "ZOO," SHOWING BEARS AT LARGE, SEPARATED FROM SPECTATORS BY A MOAT. In the Zoological Gardens at Leipzig a new enclosure for bears has recently been built, as shown in our photograph, somewhat on the lines of the Mappin Terraces at the "Zoo" in London. The bears are separated from spectators only by a water-ditch, or moat, so constructed as to afford the requisite safety, while at the same time allowing close observation of the animals as they roam about at large.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A ROMAN "CENTRAL-HEATING SYSTEM" UNEARTHED ON A YORKSHIRE FARM: THE CIRCULAR HYPOCAUST ON A SITE OF FOUNDATIONS COVERING SEVERAL ACRES. Remains of Roman buildings were discovered recently in a thirty-eight-acre field on Mr. Milner's farm at Langton, near Malton, in Yorkshire. The foundations revealed extend over two or three acres, and include the circular hypocaust (shown above), an example of the well-known Roman method of heating houses. There were also skeletons of three infants, and over ninety ancient coins.



THE LORD MAYOR AS ADMIRAL OF THE PORT OF LONDON: SIR PHENÉ NEAL BOARDING A TUG AT HAY'S WHARF TO WELCOME THE EMPIRE BUTTER FLEET. The Lord Mayor of London, as Admiral of the Port, went in state on December 16 to Hay's Wharf, Tooley Street, to welcome ships with the largest consignment of butter ever exported hither from Australia and New Zealand. He was piped aboard a tug, where he was received by the High Commissioners for the two Dominions—Sir Granville Ryrie and Sir Thomas Wilford.



ONE OF OLD ENGLAND'S "WOODEN WALLS" IN THE HANDS OF SHIPBREAKERS: WORKMEN DEMOLISHING THE FIGURE-HEAD OF H.M.S. "GANGETS" AT PLYMOUTH. Much regret is felt, no doubt, among those who cherish the few remaining examples of our old wooden war-ships, representing the Nelson tradition, that it was decided to demolish H.M.S. "Ganges," launched 120 years ago. So stably built is she that the work, it is reported, will take two years. Efforts are being made, we recall, to save from a similar fate another old ship, the "Implacable."



A SCOTTISH HOSTELRY IMMORTALISED BY BURNS, NOW FOR SALE: THE OLD "TAM O' SHANTER" INN AT AYR.

It is reported that the "Tam o' Shanter" Inn at Ayr, once a resort of Burns and his cronies, is now for sale, and that the Town Council cannot see its way to acquiring it for preservation. The inscription reads: "House where Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie held their meetings. Stirrup cup and chairs to be seen inside."



A CHRISTMAS MYSTERY PLAY PRESENTED RECENTLY IN THE HALL OF THE INNER TEMPLE: THE SCENE BESIDE THE MANGER AT BETHLEHEM.

The members of the Inner Temple, and their friends, presented in their Hall, on December 18 and 19, a Christmas Mystery, including episodes from the Coventry Miracle Play. The proceeds were devoted to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Association and children's hospitals. The above illustration shows one of the principal scenes, that of the birthplace at Bethlehem. The Virgin Mary is represented in the centre, behind the manger in which lies the Holy Child.

WHERE EAST IS FAST BECOMING WEST.

"THE CHANGING FABRIC OF JAPAN." By Captain M. D. KENNEDY.*
(PUBLISHED BY CONSTABLE.)

THE speed with which Japan has adopted the forms of Western civilisation is phenomenal. In a mushroom State, founded and colonised by Europeans, such a transformation would have been remarkable; in a country like Japan, with thousands of years of culture behind it, with, moreover, a strong tradition of hostility towards foreigners to be overcome, the thing seems magical, accomplished not by human agency, but by an enchanter's wand. Industrialisation and Westernisation have gone hand in hand, the former a little ahead. "As late as 1880," Captain Kennedy says, "there were only two hundred factories, employing in all no more than 1500 workers, in the whole of Japan. By 1921 there were as many as 49,380 factories and roughly 1,700,000 workers." Between the years 1914 and 1921 the number of factory-workers was practically doubled.

And as in industry, so in the daily life of the people. Sport, which a short time ago meant for the Japanese wrestling and ju-jitsu encounters held semi-annually, now includes Rugby and Association football, baseball, hockey, boxing, lawn-tennis, swimming. Japanese music, so strange to the Western ear, has been supplemented, if not replaced, by jazz and by classical Western music; the great virtuosi visit Japan and are received with open arms. Partly to meet the modern craze for dancing, a "café civilisation has sprung up, and has struck at the *geisha* business a blow from which it may never recover." At these cafés the sexes, so long segregated, now mingle freely. Gone are many of the tortuous narrow streets; and beginning to disappear are the bullocks and *rikishas* which conducted traffic down them.

One is rather relieved to hear that in Tokyo, the royal palace in the middle of the town, with its "fine old grey walls and broad moats, their solemn grandeur enhanced by great stretches of grassy slopes and spreading trees and magnificent old gateways," is an embarrassment to the traffic, presenting a solid physical bulwark against the modern craze for speed. But in other respects Tokyo is the centre of change. "The earthquake and fire of 1923 levelled more than two-thirds of it to the ground"; so that, in the work of reconstruction, the architects have had almost a free hand. Their efforts do not seem completely satisfactory. "The myriads of small retail shops" (there is said to be one shop for every four families in Japan) . . . "are built in every conceivable style of hybrid architecture. There was perhaps too much sameness of design in their predecessors of pre-earthquake days, a sameness that lacked individuality and tended to present a somewhat monotonous appearance"; but they were at least in keeping and in harmony with one another, and with their surroundings generally. The reconstructed Tokyo has gone to the other extreme, and the bizarre appearance of so many of these new buildings, of every shape, size, colour, and design, leaves one wondering how an artistic people like the Japanese can tolerate such glaringly inartistic, hybrid, architectural atrocities."

Tokyo is a city of contrasts—the ancient and the modern exist side by side. "The mixture is exemplified by the two sets of clothing, the *kimono* and the foreign-style suits, which the male office-workers of Tokyo possess; by the two kinds of meals, Japanese and Western, which they eat, and by the two styles of living accommodation to which they are accustomed—the simple Japanese house, in which shoes are discarded on entry and a cushion on the floor serves as a seat, and the foreign-style office with its chairs and tables at which men sit with their feet shod."

It is only a mixture, Captain Kennedy thinks, not a fusion; and "a chemical reaction is necessary" to transform the ingredients of the mixture into "a real new substance."

Meanwhile, fermentation goes on in the form of social unrest. Many causes contribute to this. Although more than half the entire population is still engaged in agriculture, the towns have grown tremendously in recent years; "between 1894 and 1925, the percentage of the population

living in towns of over 10,000 inhabitants rose from 16 to 36.6," and there "is a steady shifting of the population from the country, where the standard of life is low, to urban employment, in which wages are relatively high." In Japan, as elsewhere, anyone who has had a taste of town life is reluctant to return to the duller conditions and physical hardships entailed by life in the country. Nor, if they did return, could agriculture support them. The unemployment problem and the question of how to dispose of the surplus population, if not acute, are sufficiently serious. The first is somewhat mitigated by a factor the strength of which is still undiminished: the family tie. Any needy person has a claim on the hospitality of relations better off than himself; "his right to share their roof and rice will not be questioned." But for these ready-made asylums, those two great disasters, the slump of 1929 and the earthquake of 1923, would have had even more serious social and economic consequences.

But, as against this, the facilities for emigration are much more restricted than they were. America, Canada, and Australia do not welcome Japanese emigrants "because their entry would introduce a cheaper standard of wages and therefore of living." In 1924 came the culminating point, the American Exclusion Law, which "added unnecessary insult to unavoidable injury." And if the Japanese

abroad, it must be given work at home." The establishment of friendly relations with foreign Powers has simplified Japan's foreign policy, but has not done much to ease the difficulties of internal administration or to reduce social unrest.

As we have seen, much of that unrest is due to the growth of the population and its migration to the towns. But the industrial revolution has brought in its train other discontents—social, political, and religious.

Many classes of society feel that now is the time to have their grievances redressed. "In each case the causes that are bringing about the elevation in status are much the same. The gradual weakening of the family system, which has stood Japan so well in the past, but which is not wholly adaptable to modern conditions; the spread of education and the rapid development of industrialisation; the ethical influence of Christianity, which is out of all proportion to its numerical strength."

In early and mediæval times, women enjoyed respect and influence in Japan. *Shinto*, the official Japanese religion, "with its worship of female deities and its high regard for Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess," was a force working in their favour. But the tenets of Buddhism, which regarded women as an evil, and the principles of Confucianism, which emphasised "the reverence and obedience due to all men by women," definitely lowered their status; so that by the end of the Tokugawa Shogunate (1603 to 1868) they were worse off, perhaps, than ever before. A movement for women's emancipation was begun by Miss Kageyama, who, in 1885, suffered imprisonment for her "active co-operation with the radical elements in the country."

In 1911 was founded the Seitosha, or Blue Stocking Society, "which aimed not only at putting women on an equality with men in the matter of rights and privileges, but also, and more especially, at developing the talents and genius of women." Alas! how often is liberty associated with licence! The members of the Blue Stocking Society, untrue to its name, "went out of their way to shock their fellow countrymen. Smoking and drinking in public were indulged in flagrantly, and free love was practised." Within three years the society was repressed, but the movement still made headway, and Japanese women of the present day have been admitted to all the professions except law, and in other ways have greatly improved their position.

The Eta, or Outcast Class, provides another difficult social problem. Numbering nearly two millions, they do not differ ethnologically from their

countrymen, and, in the eyes of the law, enjoy the same rights as citizens. "But in practice they are socially ostracised and discriminated against to such an extent that they are now banding together for the purpose of righting their grievances."

"The Japanese," it has been said, "are a non-religious people," and there seems little hope of a religious solution to their social problems. Belief in the divinity of the Emperor is beginning to weaken, and business men and others are unwilling to come down from their offices in upper storeys whenever he happens to pass that way. State *Shinto* (as distinct from Shrine *Shinto*) aimed at inculcating loyalty to the Emperor and patriotism; but it is not a religion, it is an ethical code, and cannot satisfy the religious instincts (if they exist) of the people. Christianity in Japan has not been sufficiently Japonicised to be accepted as a national religion. Meanwhile, members of the powerful Labour and Communist movements are inclined to worship at the shrines of Marx and Lenin. "The country as a whole" (says a moderate Labour leader) "is more likely to resort to Fascism than to Bolshevism; but then, how many people outside Russia knew anything of Lenin or Trotsky in 1915? Japan may quite possibly have her Lenin and her Trotsky, even now, just waiting for the right moment."

Let us hope this will not prove the case. Captain Kennedy hazards no prophecy as to the future of Japan; but his sober, careful, impartial, exhaustive analysis gives us the material and the knowledge to estimate, with some accuracy, its position at the present day.

L. P. H.



AN EXORCISING CEREMONY ON TOKIO RAILWAY STATION, AFTER A SERIES OF UNTOWARD HAPPENINGS THERE: BUDDHIST PRIESTS COMBATING THE SOURCE OF "BAD LUCK" TO THE BUILDING—A STONE FROM A TOMB, WHICH HAD BEEN BUILT INTO THE STRUCTURE.

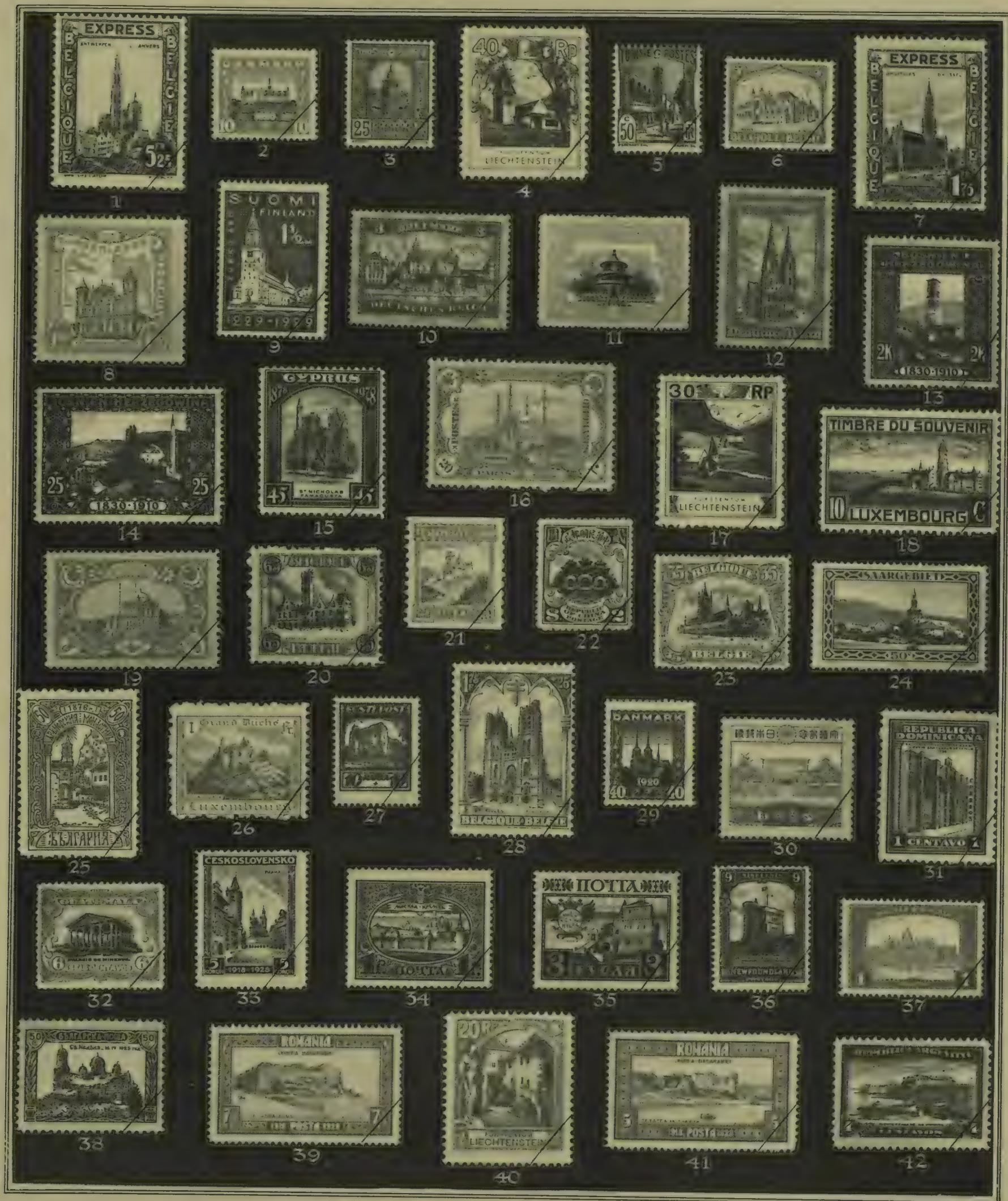
In a note accompanying the above photograph, a correspondent states that an unusual Buddhist service was held on the platform of Tokio Station recently by High Priests of Kyoto, who had determined to exorcise the evil spirit which was thought to live in a stone from a tomb which had been built into the fabric of the platform. Since its inclusion there have been several cases of derailment, suicide, and other accidents on the station; so the stationmaster (seen on the right) had the stone removed and a Buddhist exorcism performed under the direction of the High Priests of Kyoto. It will be remembered that the recent attempt on the life of Mr. Hamaguchi occurred on Tokio Station, on the very spot where a previous Prime Minister had been assassinated.

emigrate to China, "they find themselves unable to compete with the cheaper standard of the native labour." The territorial acquisitions made by the Japanese Empire since 1895, though strategically important, from the point of view of accommodating a surplus population are practically valueless; Korea, Formosa, Kwangtung, South Saghalien, and the Mandate Islands, taken altogether, only contain about 700,000 Japanese.

Ten years ago it was believed, especially by America, that the aggressive political policy of Japan implied the intention of annexing new colonies by force of arms; Manchuria seemed an obvious objective. But with the Washington Conference that policy came to an end. America abandoned the proposal to construct first-class naval bases in Guam and the Philippines; Japanese military excursions on the mainland of China failed to bring material gains; to drop out of the costly race in armaments was a relief to both countries. Japan realised that "the days when land-grabbing could be indulged in with impunity were gone, and that a policy of industrialisation and trade expansion offered a better solution to the surplus population problem than either emigration or territorial aggrandisement . . . and, as she was dependent on outside sources for almost all the raw material required for her mills, her foundries, and her factories, it became all the more important to cultivate peaceful and friendly relations both with those who could supply her needs in this respect and with those to whom she, in turn, desired to sell her manufactures and finished products." Since "the surplus population could not be exported

PHILATELY AND ARCHITECTURE: WORLD-FAMOUS BUILDINGS ON STAMPS.

STAMPS COURTEOUSLY LENT BY MESSRS. STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD., 391, STRAND.



1. Belgium, 1929; Antwerp Cathedral. 2. Denmark, 1920; Roskilde Cathedral. 3. Tunis, 1926; Grand Mosque, Tunis. 4. Liechtenstein, 1930; Chapel of Saint Mamerten, near Triesen. 5. Tunis, 1926; Mosque, Place Halalouine, Tunis. 6. Belgium, 1928; Mons Cathedral. 7. Belgium, 1929; Town Hall, Brussels. 8. Paraguay, 1930; Assumption Cathedral. 9. Finland, 1929; Abo Cathedral. 10. Germany, 1924; Marienburg Castle. 11. China, 1909; Temple of Heaven, Pekin. 12. Germany, 1923; Cologne Cathedral. 13. Bosnia, 1906; The Lucas Tower at Jajce. 14. Bosnia, 1906; Sarajevo. 15. Cyprus, 1928; St. Nicholas, Famagusta. 16. Turkey, 1913; Mosque of Selim. 17. Liechtenstein, 1930; Chapel of Steg. 18. Luxembourg, 1921; Monastery at Clervaux. 19. Turkey, 1917; The Suleiman Mosque. 20. Belgium, 1920; Hotel de Ville, Termonde. 21. Czechoslovakia, 1925; Karlstein Castle. 22. China, 1913; Temple

of Confucius, Pekin. 23. Belgium, 1915; Cloth Hall, Ypres. 24. Saar, 1927; Tholey Abbey. 25. Bulgaria, 1929; Monastery of Drenovo. 26. Luxembourg, 1921; Vianden Castle. 27. Estonia, 1927; Dorpat Cathedral. 28. Belgium, 1928; St. Gudule Cathedral, Brussels. 29. Denmark, 1920; Roskilde Cathedral. 30. Japan, 1928; Coronation Temple. 31. Dominican Republic, 1930; Jesuit Convent. 32. Guatemala, 1902; Temple of Minerva. 33. Czechoslovakia, 1928; Town Hall, Prague. 34. Russia, 1913; The Kremlin. 35. Russia, 1913; Castle Romanov. 36. Newfoundland, 1928; Cabot's Tower. 37. Hungary, 1920; Parliament House, Budapest. 38. Bulgaria, 1926; Sofia Cathedral, after bomb outrage. 39. Roumania, 1928; Fortress of Alba. 40. Liechtenstein, 1930; Court of the Castle of Vaduz. 41. Roumania, 1928; Fortress of Hotin. 42. Argentina, 1910; Fort of the Viceroys, Buenos Ayres.

Our readers will remember that we have published several interesting pages of reproductions of postage-stamps illustrating the animal kingdom, flying, and great archaeological landmarks of civilisation, and stamps which enshrine the picturesque and the typical beauties of their countries of issue. Here we give a series of postage-stamps which record the architectural beauties of the castles, cathedrals, and famous buildings of many lands: minaret, steeple, belfry, "chaperone" tower, campanile, pagoda, and many types of buildings, both sacred and lay, give proof

of the versatility which artists and engravers have brought to the now almost universal work of designing postage-stamps. Of particular interest are the Cathedral of Famagusta on a stamp (No. 15) which commemorates the jubilee of the British occupation of Cyprus, and shows the curious anomaly of a Gothic cathedral built in the Levant, and dating back to the fourteenth century; the Kremlin at Moscow (No. 34), background of so many historic scenes both before and during the Russian Revolution; and the domes and minarets of Sarajevo (No. 14).



EXPLORING THE SOURCE OF EUROPE'S WEATHER:

THE GERMAN EXPEDITION TO THE INTERIOR OF GREENLAND, WHERE SOME MEMBERS OF THE PARTY PLANNED TO PASS THE WINTER IN COMPLETE ISOLATION.

By Dr. A. LANG. (See Illustrations opposite.)

SINCE a Transatlantic flight over Greenland has been found possible, great interest has been awakened in that immense island of ice and snow, of which hitherto very little has been known. Several years ago an English airman flew to Canada by way of Greenland, and recently the German airman Wolfgang von Gronau, who undertook the same flight in a five-year-old hydroplane, declared that the airway *via* Greenland might be developed immediately. The distance from Berlin to New York can be covered in forty-eight hours by using several stops and several planes.



A SQUADRON OF THE ICE KING'S DANGEROUS FLEET: ICEBERGS "CRUISING" IN ARCTIC WATERS, AS SEEN BY THE GERMAN GREENLAND EXPEDITION.

Only recently the English *Quest* Expedition arrived in Greenland in order to carry out important research work. The German expedition is larger in numbers, and has a more ambitious programme of work. It is, in fact, the greatest expedition that has ever been sent to Greenland. Its object, of course, is not only to develop the future airway, but also to solve further scientific problems. Meteorological research in Greenland is of considerable importance to all European countries, because all changes in our weather originate in Greenland. If it were finally made possible to observe climatic phenomena in this immense desert of ice, which is five times as large as the British Isles, we should probably have gained the decisive factors for our weather forecasts. The director of the expedition, the geologist Professor Alfred Wegener, who has acquired international fame with his theory of the "Shifting of the Continents," is looking for new proofs for this theory. He believes that a thick liquid mass lies below the surface of the continents, so that they are free to move.

Greenland is covered by a huge mass of ice which begins immediately behind the mountainous coast and reaches a height of over 9750 feet in Central Greenland. Up to now it was not known how thick the ice is, and whether it is not covering a tableland. Professor Wegener measured the thickness of the ice in a preliminary expedition last year. Not far from the coast the ice was found to be about 3900 feet thick. This is the greatest thickness of ice ever measured. Professor Wegener believes that the ice in Central Greenland will be about 9750 feet thick, or even more. In this case, these huge masses of ice must have pressed the land down, which is only possible if the continents have really no solid foundation.

Professor Wegener left Germany in April with fourteen other scientists for the region of Umanak, in North-West Greenland. Three members of the expedition, under the direction of Dr. Kopp, left in August for Scoresby Sound, in the north-east of Greenland. The expedition has erected three

stations—the main one in the west; one in central Greenland; and one established by Dr. Kopp in the east. Although the funds were limited, it was found possible to supply the expedition with modern instruments. This is mainly due to Professor Wegener, whose never-resting and energetic spirit organised the whole enterprise and helped to overcome many obstacles.

The main difficulty consisted in reaching the inland ice (as the great ice-sheet covering Greenland is called). During the preliminary expedition, Professor

Wegener discovered, after much searching, a small glacier—the Kamarajuk Glacier (Fig. 3), in the Umanak region—over which it was possible to transport all the necessary materials. In April he tried to reach this glacier with the expedition's ship, *Gustav Holm*, carrying about 120 tons of baggage and equipment. Upon arriving in the Umanak region, however, the boat stuck in the ice only some twenty-one miles from the glacier. The luggage was unloaded and brought on land over the ice, since to wait in the ship for the ice to melt would have been too long and expensive. In the little native village of Uvkusigat a provisional camp was established, where Professor Wegener and his companions awaited with

impatience the breaking of the ice. Thus six precious weeks were lost, for the summer in Greenland is very short, and it was necessary to start early with transporting material over the Kamarajuk Glacier. Professor Wegener had part of the luggage hauled by dog-teams to the foot of the glacier (Fig. 1)—a very tiresome means of transportation, which might have been done by the *Gustav Holm* in an hour. Later on, the ice began to melt, and it now became dangerous for the sleighs to pass, while the boats were still unable to get through. Professor Wegener nevertheless managed the transport, using the greatest precaution, and happily there were no accidents. At the same time he tried to force a passage through the ice with dynamite, but 50 kilogrammes of it were used in vain.

Finally, after six weeks, a natural passage appeared. Professor Wegener took advantage of it and transported most of the luggage to the glacier by boat. Now the transport over the glacier had to be taken in hand. Thirty native Greenlanders were engaged, and proved to be pleasant and agreeable companions—provided they got enough to eat. The expedition had brought from Iceland twenty ponies, which caused great excitement among the Greenlanders, as these animals were quite unknown to them. They called them "big dogs" (Fig. 2). Everybody worked day and night transporting material over the glacier. A way had been worked into the ice both by dynamite and by manual labour. The crevices were covered by boards. The way was very dangerous indeed, because the crevices (Fig. 4) were deep and often covered with snow, so that they

were sometimes observed too late. Some dogs and ponies fell in and were lost. During the summer the glacier began to move under the influence of the temperature. New crevices were formed, increasing the danger. Professor Wegener, therefore, had a new path constructed by the natives on the side of the glacier.

Then suddenly the hay (Fig. 2) for the ponies gave out. Where was any more to be had in this country of ice and snow? In all settlements along the coast a "hay" collection was organised, and the Greenlanders, who were much entertained by this new activity, gathered by hand all the grass they could possibly find along the stony coast. As soon as the transportation is finished these poor ponies will serve the expedition as food, as Greenland is absolutely devoid of animals, as well as of any vegetation on the west coast. The members of the expedition, however, must be supplied with fresh food from time to time.

In July the station in central Greenland was established, and afterwards Dr. Georgi, the director of this station, lived there for a long time all by himself, and expects to stay there until next summer. The transportation of the luggage into the central region was achieved by dog teams. Considering that Greenland up to now has only been crossed hurriedly four times in the course of a summer, the establishment of this permanent station is a very progressive achievement. Never before has a human being set foot on the inland ice during the winter. Dr. Georgi will have the company of Dr. Sorge during the dark Arctic winter months on the inland ice. During this time there will be no communication with the western station, and they will be completely isolated from the rest of the world—the loneliest people on earth!

The main novelty of the expedition consists in the two Finnish propeller-sleights—that is, sleighs run by air-cooled aeroplane motors (Fig. 5). They attained a speed of fifty miles an hour on their first drive. Now they are used for transporting material



THE PICTURESQUE BUT PERILOUS SIDE OF THE GERMAN EXPEDITION'S VOYAGE TO GREENLAND: AN IMMENSE ICEBERG LIKE A MOUNTAINOUS ISLAND—A VIEW SUGGESTING A HUMAN FACE IN PROFILE.

Photographs Copyright 1930-31 by "Akademia," Berlin, and "New York Times," New York.

to a dépôt half-way to the central station. They have not been able to reach the central station as yet, because there was no time to build petrol-stations. These propeller-sleights will probably revolutionise Arctic research. It is expected that they will be able to cross Greenland from the Umanak region to Scoresby Sound in ten hours. Hitherto, crossing Greenland has occupied several weeks, and has been considered a very dangerous and daring enterprise.

PIONEERING IN GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS: TRANSPORT OLD AND NEW: DOGS; PONIES; PROPELLER-SLEIGHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT, 1930-31, BY "AKADEMIA," BERLIN, AND "NEW YORK TIMES," NEW YORK.



1. A LARGE TEAM OF DOGS ALL PULLING TOGETHER: DRAGGING A BOAT ACROSS THE BREAKING ICE OF A FJORD TO THE KARAMAJUK GLACIER, WHICH AFFORDED ACCESS TO THE INTERIOR OF GREENLAND.



2. PONIES FROM ICELAND CALLED "BIG DOGS" BY NATIVES OF GREENLAND, WHERE HORSES ARE UNKNOWN: TRANSPORTING COMPRESSED HAY FOR THEIR OWN FODDER—VERY SCARCE IN THAT ICE-BOUND LAND.



3. ON THE ROUTE TO THE FROST-BOUND HEART OF GREENLAND: A CAMP BESIDE THE KARAMAJUK GLACIER, OVER WHICH MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION MADE THEIR WAY TO THE INLAND ICE.



4. "THE WAY WAS VERY DANGEROUS INDEED BECAUSE THE CREVICES WERE DEEP": AN INCIDENT DURING THE FIRST EXPLORATION MARCH OVER THE KARAMAJUK GLACIER.



5. A NEW METHOD OF FAST TRANSPORT OVER THE ARCTIC ICE: UNPACKING ONE OF THE EXPEDITION'S FINNISH PROPELLER-SLEIGHS DRIVEN BY AIR-COOLED AEROPLANE MOTORS, WHICH ATTAINED A SPEED OF 50 M.P.H.



6. TYPICAL DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS TRAVESED BY THE GERMAN EXPEDITION: A GREENLAND HUT AT SARFANGNAK, WITH ONE OF THE OCCUPANTS SEATED ON THE ROOF.

These photographs illustrate Dr. A. Lang's interesting article on the opposite page describing the German expedition to Greenland, and are numbered to correspond with his references. It was stated not long ago that some anxiety was beginning to be felt in Berlin as to the safety of Professor Wegener, the leader of the expedition, and three of his colleagues, as there had been no news from them for nearly two months; but in the Arctic communications are often difficult. It was suggested that perhaps the expedition's small wireless set had failed, and that bad weather had prevented motor-boat communication between their west coast base at Karamajuk and the nearest Danish wireless station. It may be recalled that, towards the end of September, Professor Wegener and

Dr. Loewe, with thirteen Greenlanders, started on a series of sleigh journeys to carry supplies to Dr. Georgi, a German meteorologist, who, with Herr Sorge, had settled down for the winter at the central station on the inland ice, at 10,000 ft. and 250 miles away from either coast. On October 2 Prof. Wegener sent a message that the weather had suddenly become abnormally cold and nine Greenlanders refused to go further. Hitherto no natives had penetrated the inland ice, which they believe to be haunted by evil spirits. Prof. Wegener and Dr. Loewe went on with four Greenlanders. Later, he sent back three more of them, saying that he had been obliged to dump the scientific stores, and was pressing on, with Dr. Loewe and one remaining native, carrying plenty of food.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE close of a year brings a tendency to retrospect. Just as I was asking myself what the past twelve months had produced, not only in literature, but in conditions of life, and was musing sadly on "something rotten in the state of Denmark," as denoted by the state of my income tax, I suddenly heard a humming sound in the air. Glancing up at my window, I saw an aeroplane flash by in golden sunlight above the roofs of Bloomsbury. It seemed to be a sign and a portent. Here, at least, I thought—despite trade depression and the incubus of the dole—is a sphere of activity where progressive results afford a definite hope for the future. Both in the structural evolution of aeroplanes and in individual flying feats, the past year has seen an' appreciable advance towards the ultimate conquest of the air.

One personal adventure which belongs to 1930 in its achievement, though not in its inception, is breezily recorded by the hero thereof in "*Solo to SYDNEY*." By F. C. Chichester. With an Introduction by The Baron von Zedlitz. Illustrated (Hamilton; 7s.6d.). Mr. Chichester, who is a young New Zealander (by emigration), is probably unique among airmen in having undertaken long-distance flights within so few months of having first learned to fly. It was only in April 1929 he left New Zealand to qualify as a pilot in England and return by air within nine months, and two months of the nine, owing to a severe operation, "were lost in hospital at Los Angeles." Later, recalling the period of his instruction in London, he writes: "I had to be back in New Zealand within six months from the day I landed in England at the end of July."

The book recounts, first, his experiences as a pupil, and then the details of the great flight to Australia. The author is not strong on dates, but, by a process of comparison and deduction, I gather that he left Croydon at night on Dec. 20, 1929, and arrived in Sydney twenty-two days later. Incidentally, he mentions that, before starting on the grand flight, he did a preliminary flip round Europe—just to get his hand in, as it were. He writes throughout in a casual, matter-of-fact, and amusing way, making light of dangers and giving just those trivial details and personal impressions which make such a story fascinating to the general reader. The fact that he once wrote a novel ("long since destroyed") indicates that he can handle the pen as well as the controls. The art of pilotage did not come to him by second nature. "Personally," he writes, "used to learning things off my own bat by the try-and-try-again method, as for instance, skiing, when I think I fell 444 times the first day, I found learning to fly with an instructor extraordinarily difficult." Among the more thrilling chapters are those describing his passage over the Alps, the crossing of the Arabian Desert, the island stages in the East Indies (Sumatra and Java), the sea crossing to Darwin, and the forced landing at a desolate spot in Australia on the way to Sydney.

The recent accident to Miss Spooner and Flying-Officer Edwards, off the Italian coast, lends point to Mr. Chichester's remarks on the question of coming down in the sea in a land-plane. Discussing the advisability of carrying a boat in the cockpit, he says: "Another great point about it is, to my way of thinking, that as long as you have some sort of a second chance, even though it be slight, you can better put up with the idea of your main chance failing you. The same with a parachute; though I cannot speak from experience in this case, not yet having been able to afford one; but here again you have a second chance in the event of your main chance—the aeroplane—failing you in mid-air."

Not having the airman's unlimited space to gambol in, I must here drop to earth from Mr. Chichester's soaring chariot, "Elijah." Aptly enough, there is available for my descent a book named "*PARACHUTING*." By Charles Dixon (ex-Observer, Royal Naval Air Service and Royal Air Force). Author of "*Amy Johnson*" and "*Parachutes for Airmen*." Illustrated (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.). After sketching the early history of the parachute, which, like many other scientific devices, appears to owe its origin to Leonardo da Vinci, the author goes on to trace its development in modern times. The story, as might be expected, literally abounds in thrills that make the scenic railways of our exhibitions seem like a tram ride. A parachute descent—given fair conditions and a certain amount of skill—is said to be a pleasant sensation; but—*c'est le premier pas qui coûte!*

To the literature of the air has also been added a slim little volume, of an instructional character, on a form of

aviation lately transplanted from Germany to our own country, where it has taken root and promises to thrive. The title is "*GLIDING AND SAIL-PLANING*." A Beginner's Handbook. By F. Stamer and A. Lippisch (Principals respectively of the Rhön-Rositter Gesellschaft Flying and Technical Schools). Authorised Translation by G. E. Startup and Frances Kinnear. With eighty-four Illustrations and Diagrams (Lane; 5s.). "This book (we read) represents the collective results of the writers' experiments since 1921 in motorless flight." It should be extremely useful to the novice.

I turn now from the air to an element with a longer



TREASURE-TROVE FROM THE EIGHTH GRAVE EXCAVATED AT TREBENISHT: THE UPPER, GILDED PART OF A SILVER "GLASS."

This drinking-vessel, which dates from the sixth century B.C., was found—with the other art objects illustrated opposite—in a grave excavated this year in Trebenisht, Yugoslavia. Details of the discovery are under the other pictures.—(See Opposite Page.)

history. For the lover of sailing-ships, whether from practical or aesthetic motives, I can imagine no more alluring book than "*OLD SEA WINGS WAYS AND WORDS*." By R. C. Leslie. Reproduced in Facsimile from the Original Edition. With Introduction by C. R. L. Fletcher and L. G. Carr Laughton, some Additional Notes by L. G. Carr Laughton, and Supplementary Drawings by R. Morton Nance (Chapman and Hall; 18s.). The original work, which forms the bulk of the volume, has been reprinted by photographic process from the first edition of 1890, with its 135 illustrations by the author. His own title-page bears his name thus—Robert C. Leslie, and has a picturesque sub-title—"In the Days of Oak and Hemp." He quotes in his preface an enthusiastic letter from Ruskin, written in 1884, about his nautical drawings; while Mr. Fletcher (his nephew) mentions that, many years before, one of his Academy pictures was praised by Turner, and that, as a writer, he was commended by George Meredith.

Mr. Fletcher's share of the introduction is biographical, and he traces an interesting family history through several generations—some of them resident in America. Robert Leslie's father had been a close friend and biographer of Constable and a habitué of Holland House in its palmy days. Robert himself went far as a marine painter, but his art was subsidiary to his love of ships and the sea. He was a practical sailor, building many a boat for himself, and he had an insatiable curiosity regarding all sorts and conditions of sailing-craft. Like Cassius, he was "a great observer"; and, like Captain Cuttle, to whom he compares himself, he observed the maxim—"When found, make a note of." He had a natural bent for improvidence, but, at the same time, a wife with an income and a restless disposition, which led to frequent changes of address. One domicile was at Sidmouth, where originated, by the way, the story of Mrs. Partington and her mop. For the last thirty years of his life, however, he was settled at Southampton.

Robert Leslie was naturally no friend to steam, and he draws a comparison between the life of the galley-slave and that of the stoker, to the advantage of the slave. He had some experience of the Atlantic passage in the old days, when ships carried much live-stock for food, and one of his drawings gives a remarkable view of "deck farm-buildings on board a New York packet, 1840." "In those happy Board-of-Tradeless days (he writes), the heavy long-boat of even a fast 'line-of-packet' ship, bound only for a short trip of five or six weeks between London and New York, looked more like a working model of Noah's Ark than anything likely to save life at sea, or even to live upon it. Always securely stowed amidships, well lashed down and housed over, the boat, as she lay upon the ship's deck, was full of live provender." This included sheep, pigs, ducks, geese, and poultry. "The ship's cow and her health (we read) was always a most important matter in large passenger-ships, and the

author remembers a case when, after a long spell of very bad weather, one of these creatures fell off in her supply of milk for the cabin-table, and was brought round again by a liberal supply of nourishing stout, wisely prescribed for her by the ship's doctor."

Mr. Carr Laughton contributes to the prefatory matter an appreciation of Leslie's work as a marine artist and expert writer on his subject. Besides the present volume, he wrote "*The Sea Painter's Log*," "*The Sea Boat*," and his own "*Waterbiography*"; and published an illustrated edition of Woode Rogers' book, "*A British Privateer in the Reign of Queen Anne*." "He lived through the great days of sail (writes Mr. Laughton). Of what he saw he recorded much, both with pen and pencil, which, but for him, would now be beyond our knowledge... He produced in '*Old Sea Wings*' a book which may fairly be styled a classic.... It would be interesting to know how far this book helped in the foundation of the Society for Nautical Research, which came into existence some ten years after Leslie's death." He died in 1901. Mr. Carr Laughton adds that the book "can confidently be recommended as the best possible introduction to the study of nautical archaeology."

Readers of the "blue-water school" will also enjoy "*FREIGHTERS OF FORTUNE*." The Story of the Great Lakes. By Norman Beasley. Illustrated (Harper; 12s. 6d.). This book I reserve for future notice, as also two others of special interest at this season of winter sport and winter charity—"THE COMPLETE SKI-RUNNER." By Arnold Lunn, President of the Ski Club of Great Britain. Illustrated (Methuen; 10s. 6d.); and "*THE ROMANCE OF THE BRITISH VOLUNTARY HOSPITAL MOVEMENT*." By A. Delbert Evans and L. G. Redmond Howard. With Introduction by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., and 128 Illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.).

As shown in this admirable history of our hospitals—a work of great social value as a study of national health problems—there have been close links between hospitals and the sea. One of the illustrations is an old print of the three-decker *Dreadnought*, lying off Greenwich as the first hospital ship for infectious diseases; another portrays Thomas Coram, "the old sea captain who built the first Foundling Hospital." As I dwell within a few hundred yards of his foundation (now rusticated), I am glad to make his pictorial acquaintance. Next to him stands John Howard, the prison reformer, one of whose former abodes, decorated by a grateful County Council with a memorial plaque, I can see by looking out of my window. The house stands in the same street as the Hospital for Sick Children, now (like Oliver Twist) "asking for more." May it get a good second helping in the New Year!

C. E. B.



A NELSON RELIC PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM BY THE QUEEN: A DOULTON WARE NELSON JUG; DATED 1806.

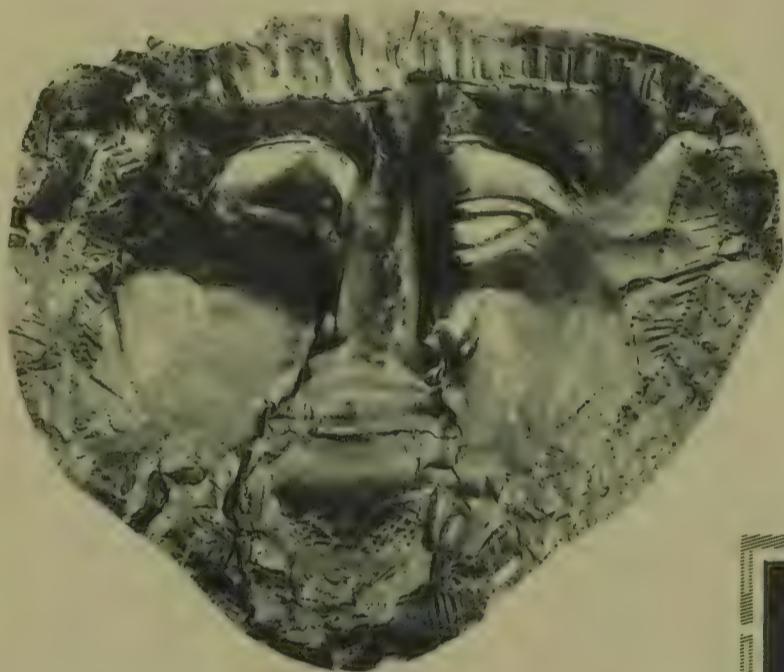
It was announced recently that the Queen had presented to the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum four Nelson relics—the Doulton ware jug here illustrated; a wax portrait-bust of Nelson; a profile silhouette of Nelson in wax; and a needlework picture of Britannia mourning for the death of Nelson. The gifts in question were at once placed in the central case of Nelson relics in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, pending transference to the Queen's House, the permanent home of the National Maritime Museum.

TREASURE-TROVE FROM THE EIGHTH GRAVE:

ART-WORK OF THE 6TH CENTURY B.C. FOUND IN TREBENISHTE, YUGOSLAVIA.



FROM THE EIGHTH TREASURE-YIELDING GRAVE EXCAVATED AT THE NECROPOLIS IN TREBENISHTE: A GOLDEN SANDAL.



A DEATH-MASK FROM THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED GRAVE: A GOLDEN ART-TREASURE DATING FROM THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.



A HORSEMAN DECORATING A GREAT BRONZE VASE: WORK ON ONE OF THE "FINDS," ALL OF WHICH ARE DEEMED TO BE OF GREEK ORIGIN.

A correspondent writes to us as follows concerning the new "finds" here illustrated: "Yugoslavia is rich in antiquities, especially Southern Serbia, Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slovenia, and yet is still comparatively unexplored archaeologically, although we have knowledge of prehistoric, Greek, and Roman remains. This year very valuable discoveries have been made in Southern Serbia by Dr. Petkovitch, Dr. N. Voullitch, and Dr. Grbitch. Of all these, the most important are those consequent upon the excavations undertaken by Dr. Voullitch in Trebenishte, near Ohrida, on the site of a necropolis containing many objects of high archaeological value which date from the sixth century B.C. A few years ago Dr. Filow found seven very enlightening graves in Trebenishte; but his work was discontinued until Dr. Voullitch, Professor at the University of



FROM ONE OF THE TWO CHARACTERISTIC BRONZE TRIPODS YIELDED BY THE EIGHTH GRAVE: A FINE SPHINX.



DECORATION OF THE GREAT BRONZE VASE WITH THE HORSEMAN: A HANDLE OF THE VESSEL.

Beograd, made another start this year, and was fortunate enough to come across an eighth grave. In this were various bronze vessels, two characteristic bronze tripods, silver 'glasses,' a beautifully ornamented silvery horn which is half a metre long, gold sandals, shields, amphorae, smaller and less important objects, and such death-masks of gold as the one illustrated. Dr. Voullitch believes that the 'finds' are unquestionably of Greek origin."

A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: THE ROMANCE OF MECHANICAL INDUSTRY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS BOURKE-WHITE.



THE ARTIFICIAL "VOLCANO" THAT IS THE BIRTH OF AN ALL-IMPORTANT METAL: AN IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY IN A MODERN STEEL-WORKS.

We reproduce on these pages two very remarkable photographs by Miss Bourke-White, an American photographic artist who has paid special attention to the picturesque and the symbolic aspects of modern industry. She has discovered material for her versatile artistry in such subjects as the dynamos in a

hydro-electric power station, or in the weird tapering forms of "oil derricks," as well as in the minute and glittering precision of a watchmaker's lathe. Above we reproduce two photographs which give vivid impressions of the lurid scenes inside a steel-works at the time of pouring of the liquid metal. Steel itself may

[Continued opposite.]

A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: THE ROMANCE OF MECHANICAL INDUSTRY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS BOURKE-WHITE.



THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF STEEL-MAKING—THE FOUNDATION OF MUCH OF MODERN CIVILISATION: FILLING INGOT MOULDS WITH MOLTEN METAL FROM A TRAVELLING LADLE.

Continued.

fitly be considered a symbol of our age—forming, as it does, the raw material of so peaceful a commodity as a bicycle or a sewing-machine—or of so deadly a weapon as a machine gun; of table knives, pen-nibs, motor-cars, or armoured cruisers. The photograph on the left-hand page, it should be noted, was

taken in the works of the Ludlum Steel Co., and that on the right at the Otis Steel Works, Cleveland, Ohio—both in America. Our readers will remember that we have at intervals reproduced many photographs of similar subjects in these pages under the general title of "Symbols of our Time."

CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA: "WHITE WINGS" ON SUMMER WATERS.

FROM THE DRAWING BY E. WALLCOUNS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



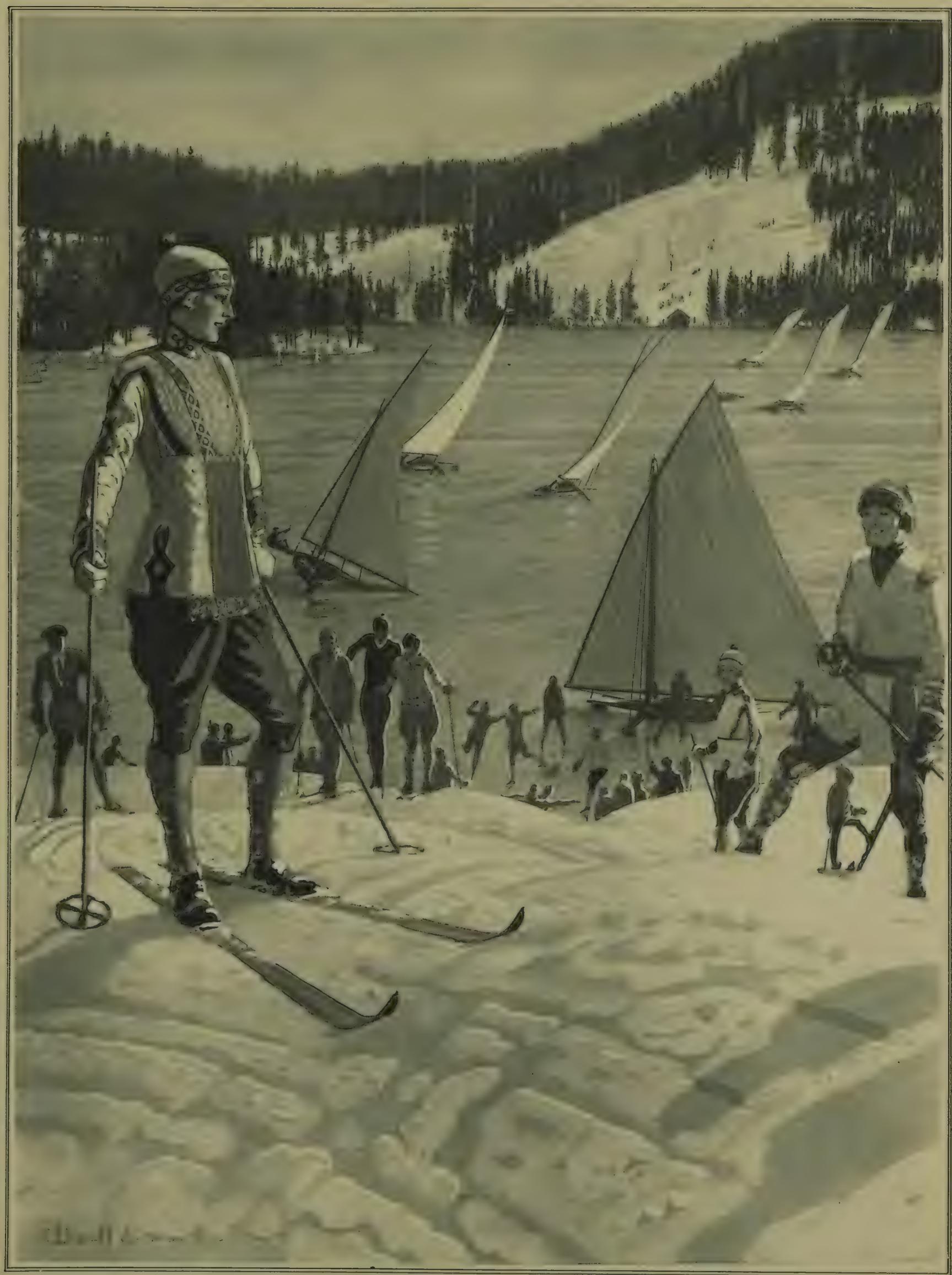
A CONTRAST TO THE COLD NORTH: CHRISTMAS DAY IN SYDNEY HARBOUR—SAILING; BATHING; AND PICNICS.

Christmas in the Antipodes, of course, falls in the height of summer, and its attendant joys form a striking contrast to those of the Northern Hemisphere, as exemplified in the companion picture on the opposite page. In his note on the above drawing, the artist says: "Sailing-vessels of all shapes and dimensions

are found in Sydney Harbour, but the curious craft seen in the left background are peculiar to it, carrying more sail area for their size than any other boats in the world. Though the harbour is infested with sharks, there are many places along its shores where bathing is perfectly safe and highly popular."

CHRISTMAS IN CANADA: "WHITE WINGS" ON WINTER ICE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY E. WALLCOUNS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



A CONTRAST TO "THE WARM SOUTH": CHRISTMAS DAY ON A CANADIAN LAKE—ICE-BOATING; SKATING; AND SKI-ING.

What a contrast as we "look on this picture and on that" which faces it! Christmas in Canada provides not only the traditional weather, but a thrilling pastime to us unknown. "In Toronto Harbour (writes the artist), and on the lakes of Ontario, as on the upper reaches of the Hudson and elsewhere in the

States, ice-boating is a sensational sport. Any of these craft can do seventy miles an hour in a good breeze. These ice-yachts are rigged in much the same way as sailing-yachts, but in framework and construction they are materially different. Ski-ing also is widespread as a Canadian and American winter sport."

THE MAKING OF A GREAT BRITISH WAR FILM: "TELL ENGLAND"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH INSTRUCTIONAL FILMS, LTD.

The new talking film, "Tell England," is a free adaptation of Mr. Ernest Raymond's well-known novel. As our illustrations show, it reproduces with intense realism and dramatic power scenes and incidents from the historic landing in Gallipoli, where the Australians and New Zealanders, as well as British troops, displayed such wonderful heroism in face of a murderous fire from the Turks entrenched on the hills above the beaches. The making of (Continued in Box 2.)

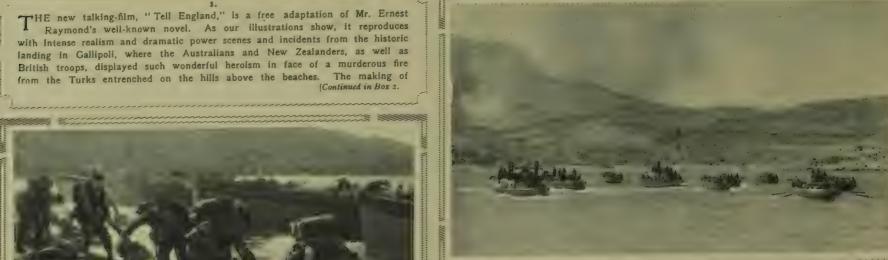


RED CROSS MEN AT WORK DURING THE LANDING IN GALLIPOLI: PULLING OUT OF THE WATER MEN DETAILED AS "CASUALTIES," WHO ACTED WITH GREAT REALISM—A SCENE FROM THE TALKING-FILM VERSION OF "TELL ENGLAND."



BOMBING A TURKISH MACHINE-GUN POST: AN INCIDENT OF THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN IN THE FILM BASED ON MR. ERNEST RAYMOND'S WELL-KNOWN NOVEL, AS ENACTED IN MALTA.

The picture was directed, on behalf of British Instructional Films, Ltd., by the Hon. Anthony Asquith, assisted by Mr. Geoffrey Barkas. The landing scenes were not enacted on the original ground in Gallipoli, which has been much changed since 1915 by building operations, but on the coast of Malta, which bears a strong resemblance to that of the Turkish peninsula. Mr. Asquith had a great advantage in the collaboration of the Mediterranean Fleet, whose Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Sir Ernest Chatfield, lent other ships and aircraft, and gave every possible assistance. Two battleships (the "Royal Sovereign" and "Ramillies"), one of which was used to represent H.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth," were placed at the producer's disposal, besides a cruiser, seven destroyers, and various other craft, including pincer-boats, cutters, and lighters; and a large number of men of the Royal Marines took part in the landing scenes with immense vigour and enthusiasm. The chief scenes portrayed are the landings at "V" Beach and Anzac Cove on April 25, 1915, and the evacuation at Cape Helles in January 1916. The photographs were taken by Stanley Rodwell, who served in a battleship during heavy gunnery practice at sea, to get "shots" of 16-inch guns in action. Altogether, the co-operation of the Naval men lent an authentic note of actuality. On shore, a trench system was dug to represent the Turkish defences, and some of the photographs were taken (Continued in Box 3.)



PINNACES AND LIGHTERS CARRYING TROOPS ASHORE: NAVAL BOATS AND MEN LENT BY THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET FOR THE FILMING OF "TELL ENGLAND" IN MALTA, WHOSE COAST STRONGLY RESEMBLES THAT OF GALLIPOLI.



THE GALLIPOLI LANDING FROM THE ENEMY'S POINT OF VIEW: TURKISH SOLDIERS WITH A MACHINE-GUN TRAINED ON THE CREWS OF THE APPROACHING BOATS, AS REPRESENTED IN THE NEW FILM.



THE HEROIC VALOUR OF THE AUSTRALIANS AND NEW ZEALANDERS AT ANZAC COVE RE-ENACTED FOR THE FILM BY MEN OF THE BRITISH NAVY IN MALTA: THE LANDING ON THE BEACH.

ENGLAND"—GALLIPOLI SCENES RE-ENACTED IN MALTA.

INSTRUCTIONAL FILMS, LTD.



A GREAT BRITISH FLEET OF ARMS RE-ENACTED UNDER REALISTIC CONDITIONS: THE GALLIPOLI LANDING FORCE ASSEMBLED UNDER THE PROTECTION OF H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH" SUPPORTED BY A BATTLESHIP OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET. A SPECIFIC SCENE FROM THE FILM VERSION OF "TELL ENGLAND," MADE ON THE MALTESE COAST.



INSURRECTION
IN SPAIN:
MUTINIES
QUELLED BY
LOYAL TROOPS;
EFFECTS OF
BOMBARDMENT.



THE PREMATURE MUTINY OF THE JACA GARRISON SUPPRESSED BY LOYAL TROOPS: CAPTURED REBELS BEING TAKEN TO THE FORTRESS AT JACA AFTER THE GOVERNMENT FORCES HAD GAINED THE UPPER HAND.



MEN OF A LOYAL SPANISH FORCE THAT FIRST CHECKED THE JACA MUTINEERS ON THEIR WAY TO HUESCA: CIVIL GUARDS REMOVING RIFLES AND MUNITIONS CAPTURED FROM THE REBELS.



AN EFFECT OF THE BOMBARDMENT, BY LOYAL ARTILLERY, OF THE REBELS UNDER MAJOR FRANCO AT THE CUATRO VIENTOS AERODROME, NEAR MADRID: A NEIGHBOURING HOUSE DAMAGED BY A SHELL.



AN EXODUS FROM THE SCENE OF FIGHTING NEAR THE CUATRO VIENTOS MILITARY AERODROME: SOME WOMEN REFUGEES, WITH THEIR CHILDREN AND PORTABLE PROPERTY, LEAVING THE DANGER ZONE.



A CASUALTY ON THE REBEL SIDE DURING THE MUTINY AT JACA, WHICH BEGAN TOO SOON FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY PLANS: A WOUNDED SOLDIER REMOVED ON A STRETCHER.

Reports from Spain on December 18 showed that, while the military revolt planned for that day had been frustrated, owing to the premature rising at Jaca (on December 12), which had given the Government time to act, civil unrest and general strikes continued in many parts of the country, though not accompanied by violence. Later accounts of the Jaca mutiny stated that when the Republicans gained possession of the place, part of their force, according to plan, set out for Huesca, where they expected the garrison to join them. Warning of their approach, however, was given by two postal officials, who had escaped from Jaca, to a detachment of the Civil Guard at Ayerbe, a few miles from Huesca. The Civil Guard promptly pulled up the railway-track along which the mutineers were travelling, and organised resistance. Meanwhile the Government had heard of the mutiny, and, when the Huesca garrison refused to march

against the Jaca rebels, despatched a flying column, under General Dolla. He easily dispersed the rebels, of whom two were killed and about twenty wounded, and captured 108 prisoners, including five officers. Two officers were court-martialled and shot.—As noted elsewhere in this number, the Cuatro Vientos ("Four Winds") aerodrome, was seized by rebels on December 15, but was surrendered to Government forces after a short artillery bombardment. On December 17 King Alfonso drove through Madrid to attend a memorial service to Simon Bolivar, and inspected the artillery barracks near the aerodrome.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT AT A TRANSATLANTIC GROUP FLIGHT: AN ITALIAN ENTERPRISE.



THE ITALIAN AERIAL "ARGONAUTS EXPEDITION" ORGANISED AND LED BY GENERAL BALBO, MINISTER FOR AIR: THE FOURTEEN SEAPLANES LINED UP ON ORBETELLO LAGOON BEFORE THEIR START ON THE FIRST STAGES OF THE TRANSATLANTIC FORMATION FLIGHT.

One of the most remarkable formation flights yet attempted began at 7.45 a.m. on December 17, when General Balbo, Italian Minister for Air, flew off from Orbetello Lagoon. His machine was the leader of the squadron of twelve Italian seaplanes whose attempt to fly the Atlantic has been arranged with the idea of a possible service to South America. It is intended that Bolama, in Portuguese Guinea, should be the "jumping-off place" on this side of the Atlantic, for the flight

which has been planned for about January 6, when the airmen will have the benefit of a full moon. In the photograph the two additional machines which were to fly to Bolama with spare parts, are also seen lined up. Each machine carries four men—making fifty-six in all, who for upwards of a year have been undergoing a special course of training on both the practical and theoretical side of flying by night and day.

TREASURE FROM TELL EL AMARNA: A ROBBER'S HOARD; A BUST OF TUTANKHAMEN'S WIFE.



"A FLOOD OF GOLD, INGOT AFTER INGOT": PART OF SOME ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BURGLAR'S LOOT, FOUND IN THE JAR ILLUSTRATED BELOW (WITH SCALE OF CENTIMETRES AND INCHES, AND A SOVEREIGN, IN CENTRE, TO INDICATE SIZE).



TUTANKHAMEN'S WIFE, ANKHSN - PA - ATEN: A PAINTED LIMESTONE HEAD IDENTIFIED BY THE WIG AND FEATURES.



THE "CROCK OF GOLD" AS IT WAS FOUND, IN AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SLUM: THE TREASURE-JAR IN SITU, WITH THE BOWL (CONTAINING GOLD AND SILVER OBJECTS) REMOVED FROM ITS MOUTH; AND (IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND) A FIGURINE OF A HITTITE GOD, PERHAPS THE GUARDIAN OF THE HOARD.

We illustrate here romantic "finds" at Tell el Amarna by the Egypt Exploration Society Expedition under Mr. J. D. S. Pendlebury, who describes how a jar of unexpected treasure was unearthed in a slum. "As the bowl over its mouth was removed, there poured out a flood of gold, ingot after ingot, as bright as the day they were buried, and after that silver—rings, bars, and cups; and a tiny silver figure of a Hittite god with a gold cap. . . . The hoard must have been that of some forgotten robber who had sacked a jeweller's shop, or—we must not forget

the Hittite god—even the Hall of Foreign Tribute. Not far from the 'House of the Crock of Gold' appeared a little painted limestone head exquisitely carved. It represents a girl in a short plaited wig, and that girl can be no other than Ankhsen-pa-aten, wife of Tutankhamen. Not only is the wig identical with that shown in the portrait of her on the back of Tutankhamen's chair, but the (features) are unmistakable."—The mask "can only be described (we read) as a counterpart in clay of the Gold Masks from the Shaft Graves of Mycenæ."

GREEK ART IN EGYPT: A CLAY COUNTERPART OF A GOLD MASK FROM MYCENÆ, FOUND IN A HOUSE THAT PROBABLY BELONGED TO AN ÆGEAN MERCHANT.

"LIDO" AND "KENSINGTON GARDENS," ICE-RINK AND FAIR



IN SUMMER: LAKE ZURICH AS A "KENSINGTON GARDENS" AND A "LIDO"; WITH WATERFOWL

ZURICH, one of the three largest cities in Switzerland, presents some remarkable contrasts to the visitor: though ringed with modern suburbs, with their broad streets, fine houses, and open spaces, and boasting an important manufacturing quarter of silk and cotton mills and iron foundries, it retains, on the banks of the rapid, green River Limmat, relics of the mediæval core of the town. Vestiges of the arched streets are in evidence; and some of the old houses (Guildhouses of the Middle Ages) have been put up as cafés, thus giving to the townsmen a taste for the amenities of life which they seem to have lost in their surroundings. The mediæval spirit of the place is typified, as it were, by the two principal churches—the Grossmünster, erected by Charlemagne, and the Fraumünster, which was founded as a convent for his daughter by an Emperor in 833, with such powers given to the Lady Abbess that not until the fourteenth century did the city shake off the yoke of its aristocratic nunneries. Later, Zurich became a centre of the Protestant Reformation, and it was from his official residence, No. 13, Kirchgasse, that the reformer Zwingli went out to the battle of Kappel, in 1531, to meet his death. But the visitor, leaving behind him the shadowy and often sombre associations of the old, and the bustle and efficiency of

(Continued opposite.)



SUMMER
ON
LAKE ZURICH:
WATERFOWL
IN
POSSESSION
OF
PLACID
WATERS.



IN WINTER: THE LAKE ZURICH OF THE SUMMER PHOTOGRAPH AS A SKATING-RINK AND A FAIR-GROUND—FOR COMPARISON WITH THE SAME SCENE AS IT IS DURING THE SUNNIER DAYS.

GROUND—ACCORDING TO SEASON: LAKE ZURICH CONTRASTS.



UPON ITS RIPPLING WATERS, A BATHING-PLACE, AND THE SHORE AMENITIES OF THE SUNNIER DAYS.



WINTER
ON
LAKE ZURICH:
SKATERS
IN
POSSESSION
OF
FROZEN
WATERS.

[Continued.]
the new in Zurich, can, from his useful seat in some café, look out over the pale-green lake—its banks enlivened with villages, orchards, and vineyards scattered over a highly cultivated country, while, in the background, rise the snow-clad Alps. The lake itself, an expanse of water some twenty-five miles long, seems designed by Nature to provide a field of recreation in both summer and winter, as the photographs reproduced on this page suggest. In the warmer months it is suitably ringed with bathing establishments; while steamers ply from place to place along its shores, carrying the sightseer, the idler, and the peasant from one rustic quay to another—past scenes of agricultural content, prettily situated villages, and château-like cottages, with the jangling cow-bells sounding off the shore. This in summer. In the winter the lake, frozen hard, provides a vast recreations-ground for the town: business men, children, policemen, nurses with prams, postmen, and two or three "old bachelors" from Zurich's famous university—one and all can put on skates and take to the ice. Then it is that, instead of the bathers and the waterfowl that haunt it in summer, the lake knows a gay and heart-free throng of skaters.





THAT CHRISTMAS FEELING—CURMUDGEON STYLE: A GREAT TIT (ON THE LEFT) SEEKING TO DRIVE AWAY A RIVAL GREAT TIT.

CHRISTMAS DINNER ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS! TITS DISCOVER A SEASONABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR INSECTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEVILLE KINGSTON.



EQUALLY INTERESTED IN FARE THAT IS STRANGE TO THEM: A GREAT TIT (LEFT) AND A BLUE TIT TURN INVESTIGATORS.



THE PRELIMINARY PECK: A COLE TIT, DEPRIVED OF HIS INSECT FOOD-SUPPLY BY WINTER, SEEKS WHAT HE MAY DEVOUR.



DISTURBED—BUT LIKELY TO RETURN TO THE ATTACK! THE COLE TIT FLYS AWAY FROM THE FEAST.



A BEFORE-DINNER SKIRMISH: A GREAT TIT (LEFT) AND A BLUE TIT ATTRACTED TO THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

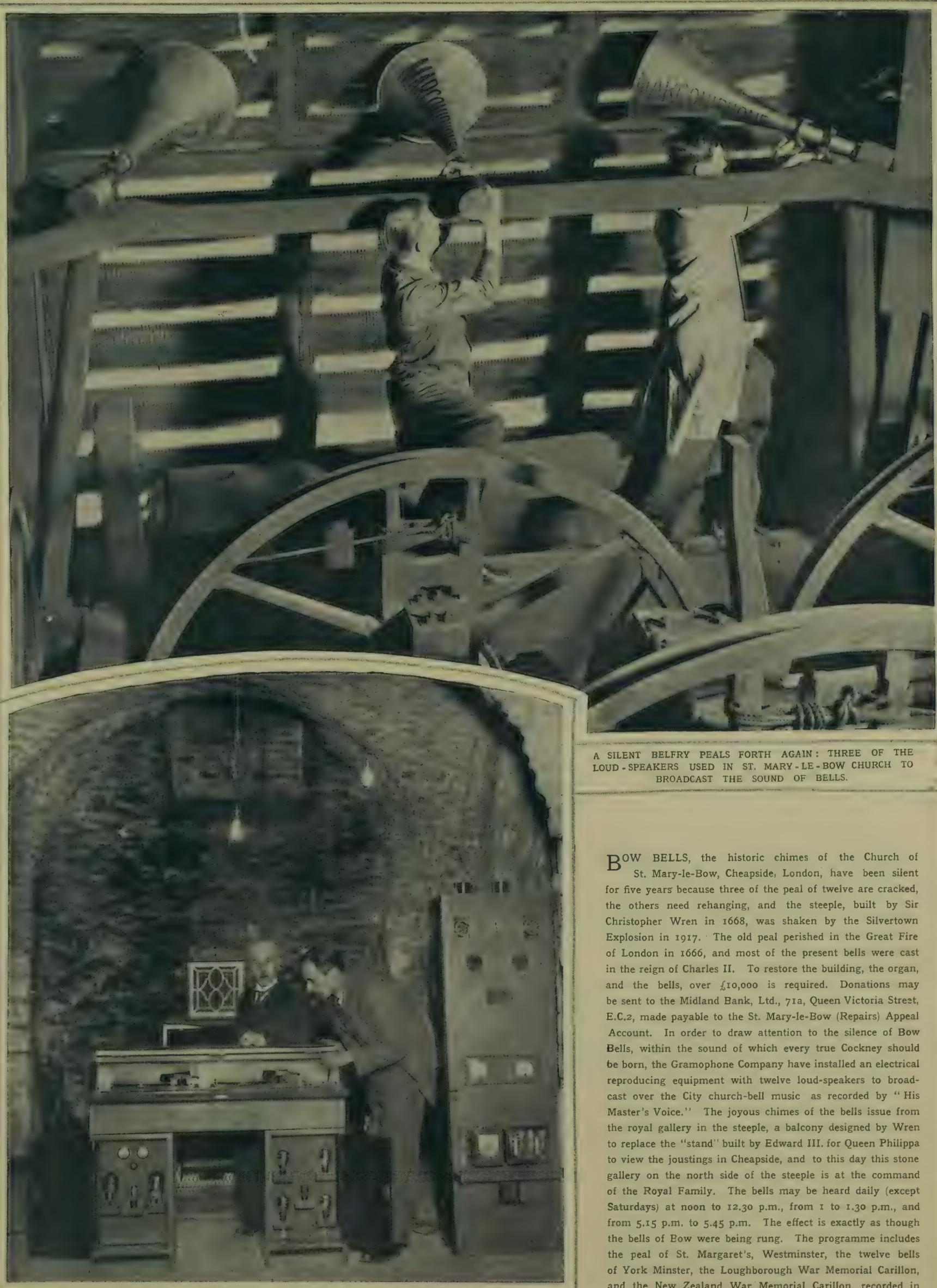


THE "OGRE" ARRIVES: A STARLING SETS TO WORK TO DRIVE AWAY A BLUE TIT BENT ON A RICH MEAL.

Describing these photographs, which were taken a few days ago, Mr. Neville Kingston writes: "Few birds are more popular with the public than those of the tit family; for in the winter months, when their insect food-supply fails, they have to depend very largely on outside contributions, in return for which they give an endless series of acrobatic performances. The great tit and the blue tit are perhaps the most widely distributed: the cole tit seems to be scarce, except in the region of pine forests; and the long-tailed tit and marsh tit are more or less 'local.' Provided that the food placed for them has a fatty interest, nothing very much comes amiss: odd scraps of fat, bacon rinds, or dripping smeared on bread and suspended on a string about ten feet away from the window, will not

only bring these beautiful birds safely through the winter, but will provide a never-ending source of amusement. These little birds are exceedingly quick in their movements, but they may be photographed easily when they are feeding, provided that the photographer keeps still, and shows as little of himself and the camera as possible. This, of course, can be done by raising the window two or three inches and placing the lens through the partly-curtained opening."

THE SILENCE OF "BOW BELLS" BROKEN BY GRAMOPHONE-CHIMES.



A SILENT BELFRY PEALS FORTH AGAIN: THREE OF THE LOUD-SPEAKERS USED IN ST. MARY-LE-BOW CHURCH TO BROADCAST THE SOUND OF BELLS.

BOW BELLS, the historic chimes of the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, London, have been silent for five years because three of the peal of twelve are cracked, the others need rehanging, and the steeple, built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1668, was shaken by the Silvertown Explosion in 1917. The old peal perished in the Great Fire of London in 1666, and most of the present bells were cast in the reign of Charles II. To restore the building, the organ, and the bells, over £10,000 is required. Donations may be sent to the Midland Bank, Ltd., 71a, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.2, made payable to the St. Mary-le-Bow (Repairs) Appeal Account. In order to draw attention to the silence of Bow Bells, within the sound of which every true Cockney should be born, the Gramophone Company have installed an electrical reproducing equipment with twelve loud-speakers to broadcast over the City church-bell music as recorded by "His Master's Voice." The joyous chimes of the bells issue from the royal gallery in the steeple, a balcony designed by Wren to replace the "stand" built by Edward III. for Queen Philippa to view the joustings in Cheapside, and to this day this stone gallery on the north side of the steeple is at the command of the Royal Family. The bells may be heard daily (except Saturdays) at noon to 12.30 p.m., from 1 to 1.30 p.m., and from 5.15 p.m. to 5.45 p.m. The effect is exactly as though the bells of Bow were being rung. The programme includes the peal of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the twelve bells of York Minster, the Loughborough War Memorial Carillon, and the New Zealand War Memorial Carillon, recorded in

Hyde Park.

THE ELECTRICAL AMPLIFYING INSTRUMENTS IN THE CRYPT OF ST. MARY-LE-BOW; SHOWING THE VALVES AND THE DUPLICATE TURNTABLES FOR THE GRAMOPHONE RECORDS.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"ENGLISH PAINTING OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES."*

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

No one has yet explained why it is that an age which produced a Shakespeare and a galaxy of poets and dramatists was not capable of inspiring a great painter. The average Elizabethan portrait is a stiff, monotonous fashion-plate. During the century Holbein had come to England, and so had Antonio Mor and Zuccaro, but not one of these three can be said to have done more for native English painting than set a fashion. Painters could have had very little encouragement. Holbein himself, as the authors point out, came to England on his own initiative and not by invitation, and was only employed regularly by Henry VIII. quite late in his career, and then at low rates. The average attitude was well illustrated in these pages some months ago, when the Butts' Holbein was the subject of an article. The fine portrait of the sitter, as a young man, by Holbein, had been completely metamorphosed twenty years later; it had occurred to no one that a new portrait on a new panel would have been as satisfactory a piece of work. No; Edmund Butts was now an old man, full of dignities and honours; a local painter was called in, and the Holbein used as the basis for a tenth-rate portrait which was destined to remain untouched until expert restoration revealed the secret nearly 400 years later.

The book under review admittedly does not break new ground; in it are no new discoveries, no new documents. It is none the less a most valuable résumé of available evidence, backed up by an admirable series of eighty-two plates. Neither of the two authors requires any introduction to the art-loving public, for one is the Keeper of the King's Pictures, and the other is resigning his position at the National Gallery to accept the Professorship of the newly founded Courtauld Institute of Art. Their object in compiling this treatise can best be given in their own words: "Two main purposes have been kept in view. The first is to arrange in some kind of order information now scattered throughout a number of books and periodicals, many of them difficult of access. The second is to extract from the mass of random attribution and vague speculation what is definitely known about Tudor portraiture, and (even more important) what is not known. In this way it is hoped to provide a skeleton which the labour and researches of others may one day clothe."

Great names, then, are missing, except in so far as the influence of a genius such as Holbein or Van Dyck is to be traced in the work of his contemporaries and followers. Perhaps on this point only one may venture a modest criticism. Illustrations of any



BY CORNELIS KETEL: "MARTIN FROBISHER"—ARMED WITH A PISTOL.

This work, which is in the Bodleian Library, is signed C. K. F. and is dated 1577. Ketel was born at Gouda in 1548, and came to England in 1573 after a visit to Fontainebleau.

In 1581 he went to Amsterdam, where, in 1616, he died.

painting, but of painting in England; it is only very much later—indeed, right at the end of the seventeenth—that a truly native tradition shows signs of establishing itself.

One gasps sometimes at the inadequacy of artists who are not always incompetent (for example, Plate 15; surely Hans Eworth at his worst!); yet who can be the unknown painter of Plate 17 ("Sir Nicholas Bacon")—not a great work of art, but none the less a portrait of considerable force? One or two examples are scarcely better than inn-signs (e.g., Plate 28, "Sir John Parker," by Hieronymus Custodis; from Hampton Court); but Plate 31, "Sir Edward Hoby," painter unknown, can only be described as remarkable. Gerard Soest is given his proper place as an artist only a little below Lely—notably in his "Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford," in the Dulwich Gallery; while the man who may

be inclined to dismiss Lely as a painter of a multitude of Carolean ladies now all in a row at Hampton Court is reminded that Sir Peter was far more than just a fashion.

It is rather hard on an artist to be remembered chiefly by his most paltry work, and the inclusion of the superb "Admiral Jeremy Smith," from Greenwich Hospital, is very welcome; so also is the portrait of Henry Ireton, by Cornelius Johnson, belonging to the Duke of Portland—a most refined and subtle painting of which Van Dyck himself would scarcely have been ashamed.

How much we have yet to discover about the individual painters of the sixteenth century is obvious upon every page. The problem of Streetes affords a typical instance. In recent years the name has figured continually in certain of the more optimistic auction catalogues whenever a doubtful portrait of the period has come up for disposal. Yet it is not possible at present to attribute definitely a single extant painting to a man who unquestionably occupied an important position in his time.

New evidence will, no doubt, come to light in the future, but at present our authors make it clear that Streetes is a name, and no more. Yet, in 1551, "he was paid fifty marks by the King's Council for three great tables (i.e., panels), two of the King himself, which were sent to Thomas Hoby and Sir John Mason, then Ambassadors to France, and one of the Earl of Surrey (executed in 1547), which the Council ordered to be brought from the artist's house. In 1553, Streetes appears as King's Painter, with an annuity of £62 10s.—a large sum for the time; and in 1556 he presented Queen Mary with a painting of her marriage."

As a final word, I repeat that the volume is beautifully turned out; and no one, seeing it, will suggest that I am exaggerating when I say this: the format and the reproductions are all that could be desired.



BY AN UNKNOWN: "SIR EDWARD HOBY"—AFTERWARDS FAVOURITE OF JAMES I.

Sir Edward Hoby, who is seen at the age of eighteen, was afterwards the favourite of James I. Describing the portrait, the authors say: "German and French painters have both been suggested for this portrait. An attempt has been made to bring it into relation with the Portrait of a Lady once ascribed to Adriaen Crabeth in the Alte Pinakothek, Munich; but this is as unconvincing as the proposal to attach the picture to the School of François Clouet...." It is the property of Lady Vansittart Neale, and is at Bisham Abbey.

Reproductions from "English Painting of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Pantheon, Casa Editrice, Firenze, and the Pegasus Press, Paris.

DISCUSSED IN A NEW BOOK ON ENGLISH PAINTING: WORKS TO BE NOTED.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "ENGLISH PAINTING OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES," BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, PANTHEON, CASA EDITRICE, FIRENZE, AND THE PEGASUS PRESS, PARIS.

(SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)



"EARL OF SURREY"—SCHOOL OF HOLBEIN.
A Work of Holbeinesque Character with Italianate Elements.
(Knole; Lord Sackville.)



"CAPT. THOMAS LEE"—MARC GHEERAERTS SCHOOL.
A Portrait of a Bare-Legged Sitter which May be by Robert
Peake. (Ditchley; Viscount Dillon.)



"EDWARD VI"—SCHOOL OF HOLBEIN.
A Work of Holbeinesque Character with Flemish Elements.
(Welbeck; the Duke of Portland.)



"FRANCES BRANDON, DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK, AND HER SECOND HUSBAND, ADRIAN STOKE"—BY HANS EWORTH.
A Work Painted in 1559 by an Artist whose Activities Extended Throughout the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary and Far into that of Elizabeth.
(Bettis-y-Coed; J. C. Wynne-Finch, Esq.)

Comparing that full-length portrait of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, which is at Arundel and is dated 1546, with the portrait of the Earl of Surrey which is at Knole and is also dated 1546, the authors remark: "The fact that the Arundel portrait is somewhat less sensitive in modelling than the Knole version suggests that the latter is the original. In this, added to Holbeinesque character, are Italianate elements; the architectural setting, the weed-fringed ruins, the landscape, and even the attitude of the figure, all recall certain full-length portraits

by Moroni and Moretto."—With regard to that portrait of Captain Thomas Lee which may be by Robert Peake, it should be said that Peake, who worked *circa* 1598-1613, is documented by one portrait only: the Prince Charles in the University Library, Cambridge.—Then there is Hans Eworth. His activity would appear to have extended throughout the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, and far into the reign of Elizabeth. The authors give a list of twenty-two signed and dated paintings by him; two signed, and three mentioned.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

MISS ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK can be relied on to write well. Less finished and self-conscious artists depend on inspiration from their subject; Miss Sedgwick can make a good job of anything she turns her pen to. All the same, even the most accomplished artist must have some temperamental affinity with his theme if he is to produce a work of exceptional quality; no mere skill in handling can compensate for the lack of creative warmth. And this affinity between the artist and his material is as capricious and unpredictable as are affinities between human beings: the most promising conjunction does not always turn out the best. Miss Sedgwick has found excellent material, before now, in the "modern girl," and in the difficulties very civilised people find in adjusting their emotions to the constriction of the conjugal yoke. In "Philippa" she has both these themes to draw upon. She could hardly fail to profit by them, and she does not fail. They make an interesting quartette: Beth Wyntringham, loving, sensitive, self-effacing; her husband Aldous, distinguished, frosty, intellectual, remote; their daughter Philippa, impatient, warm-hearted, outspoken; and Mrs. Brandon, the vamp, the *femme fatale*, who possessed herself of Aldous's love and tried (ineffectually) to hold it against all comers. Miss Sedgwick knows well how to suggest in her characters a violence of feeling which cannot vent itself in acts or words of declared hostility. They cannot strike or call each other names; convention forbids; but one is aware of their mutual antagonism perhaps even more keenly than their love. One feels, too, the explosive power of the situation, the friction which is being engendered, and which cannot be eased except by the removal of one of the sources of irritation. Who will have to go—Philippa or Mrs. Wyntringham or Mrs. Brandon? The story is a problem, and Miss Sedgwick finds a satisfactory, if not a perfect, solution. "Philippa" is not one of her best books: the machinery is too much in evidence, and creaks a little at times. But, none the less, it is an absorbing tale.

Merely to outline the plot of "Strange Marriage" would make it seem like a novel for adults only, and perhaps it is. Many have been the attempts to combine art and pathology, and few have been successful. Miss Netta Syrett's effort is praiseworthy, and her treatment of the painful theme of Jenny's marriage to Niel Ferris—it was no marriage in the physical sense—unexceptionable. Even if we are disinclined to weep we are not compelled to blush; although I think Jenny's explanation of her position to Ronnie, when she accepted him as her lover, was a little contrary to nineteenth-century usage. Her husband had initiated her into the Aesthetic Movement; but spiritually she belonged to the nineteenth century rather than to the 'nineties. She would be a more pathetic, if a less natural, figure had she not discarded the lilies and languors of virtue. As it is, we feel that her bold bid for happiness was successful; and Fate rewarded her daring more generously than she could have hoped. She was both courageous and prudent; it would have been easier to go away with Ronnie than stay and face the music with Niel, but it would have been a disaster. Jenny had a complex character; she was brought up on a farm, and one side of her nature—the more instinctive side—craved the simplicity of her early life. But her love of literature and her poetic gift could find no satisfaction among her noisy, hearty brothers and sisters. It was Niel's unlikeliness to them, his response to the artist in her, that drew her to him and ultimately kept her at his side. She would never have been happy pioneering in Canada with the robust Ronnie. And the fact that we feel one sort of life would have suited her, and the other not, shows her to be a real human being.

I do not think that the characters in "Katinka" are very real, although Miss Forbes-Mosse is a writer of great subtlety. Perhaps she does not mean them to be; she sees them through a dream-like haze, in which desire and sentiment, the present and the past, are so strangely commingled as to be scarcely distinguishable. Katinka is a cat; she is also a symbol, a symbol of the feline, vagrant nature of Käthchen Pelzer. Both of them charmed the tired, beautiful Marianne von Rosendorf; both of them took advantage of her kindness. "There's something flattering about a cat's friendship" (she wrote in her diary), "because it is based on fellow-feeling and not

on fidelity, as in the case of dogs. Dogs are faithful to the most horrible people who beat and kick them. People make a lot of fuss about fidelity. It is, at best, a sense of decency, not really anything meritorious." Käthchen and Katinka did not possess it; if they had, their lives would have been simpler. "Katinka" is like a landscape in a thick mist; one gets charming, tantalising glimpses, then every outline is blurred again. Some of the haze is intentional, but a little, I think, is due to the author's incomplete grasp of her subject. The translation is excellent.

Mr. Pollard is that rare thing—a writer with a new flavour. "Virtue Undone; or, The Carefree Smuggler," is a historical novel, romantically conceived but realistically treated, the subject of which is smuggling in East Anglia in the late eighteenth century. In his dedication, Mr. Pollard says, "It has been the fashion among some writers to depict the laces and lavender rather than the greed and abuse of privilege which marked the period." This misconception he very successfully removes. None of the inhabitants of Blackmore, from the Squire and his cousin the parson, down to the blacksmith and the sailors, is distinguished for virtue. Indeed, the Squire's daughter hands over hers very readily to the smuggler, Hurn. Rage against the smuggler rather than anxiety to vindicate the Government's authority, sends Lieut. Pike, Silvia's fiancé, in pursuit of Hurn: in a very thrilling fight, ship

The colourful, exciting, expensive life of visitors to the French Riviera attracts the novelist as it attracts the gambler; but it does not always add to the reputation of the one or to the fortune of the other. Mr. Valentine Williams, however, has mixed the highly-spiced ingredients it so plentifully supplies with great discretion. Jacqueline and Oliver Royce remain charming people throughout, though they were not always charming to each other; and there is a gallery of interesting Riviera "types": a bored American millionaire, a rich, vulgar English widow, dressmakers, barmaids, lap-dogs. Mr. Williams is alive to the glamour that attends great riches; he also shows us the other side of the picture, and makes us realise what a ticklish and thankless job it can be to keep the rich amused. Mr. Valentine Williams is known as a writer of detective stories; "Mannequin" augurs well for his future as a writer of "legitimate" fiction.

Prohibition, by creating the race of "bootleggers," has been an inestimable boon to the American novelist and, *par excellence*, to Mr. Charles Francis Coe. Antonio Scarvak, known to the world at large as an innocuous millionaire trading in eggs, is really a king of bootleggers; the imposing Scarvak home, envy of the neighbourhood, is really lined with armour-plate and honeycombed with bolt-holes and private telephone wires. A rival gang attacks this fortress with bombs, is worsted, and loses its leader, the redoubtable Karfola. But the subsequent enquiry proves very unpleasant to Antonio

"Gunman" is an extraordinary book, extremely exciting; but there is almost too much dialogue, and not all of it is easy to follow.

Detective stories fade in the mind, but "The Roman Hat Mystery" is an exception: the murder in a theatre is not easily forgotten. And now, in "The French Powder Mystery," Mr. Ellery Queen has found another novel setting for an excellent tale. The discovery of the body in the shop-window, the clue of a lip-stick, will quicken the attention of the most jaded reader. "The Night of the Fog" is an excellent book for the months of November and December, so masterly is the description of upland country in cold, wet weather. But the mystery is less successfully managed than the climate. Most of the evidence is so inconclusive that it is difficult to believe that the police would have arrested anyone on it. The chief secret in "The Missing Doctor," when at last Mr. Fletcher delivers it up, does not come as a surprise. The charm of the book, to me, lies in the immense, invincible self-complacency of Mr. Robert Turner, the detective's friend. His contempt for the mean locality in which the investigations take place,

though morally indefensible, is very refreshing. G. D. H. and M. Cole take murder, I think, almost too light-heartedly. "He was whistling a cheerful but untuneful melody when he tripped over the body lying in the bushes. 'Crikey!' he said, and feeling the comment inadequate, added 'My aunt!'" The cheerfulness with which the collaborators approach the question of crime robs murder of some of its horror, but also deprives detection of a good deal of its interest. Still, "Corpse in Canonicals" if a callous, is a readable and spirited tale.

"Murder at Fenwold" is more than that. If the motive for the murder was not a little inadequate, and the means taken to accomplish it a little improbable, it would be a first-rate detective story. In any case, it is a "thriller" on which Mr. Christopher Bush may be congratulated.

BOOKS REVIEWED

- Philippa.* By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
- Strange Marriage.* By Netta Syrett. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)
- Katinka.* By Irene Forbes-Mosse. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)
- Virtue Undone; or, The Care-Free Smuggler.* By Frank Pollard. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.)
- Wind Driven.* By Jacland Murmur. (Nash and Grayson; 7s. 6d.)
- The Misted Mirror.* By Henry Daniel Rops. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)
- Mannequin.* By Valentine Williams. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
- Gunman.* By Charles Francis Coe. (Mundanus; 3s.)
- The French Powder Mystery.* By Ellery Queen. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
- The Night of the Fog.* By Anthony Gilbert. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
- The Missing Doctor.* By R. J. Fletcher. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)
- Corpse in Canonicals.* By G. D. H. and M. Cole. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
- Murder at Fenwold.* By Christopher Bush. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)



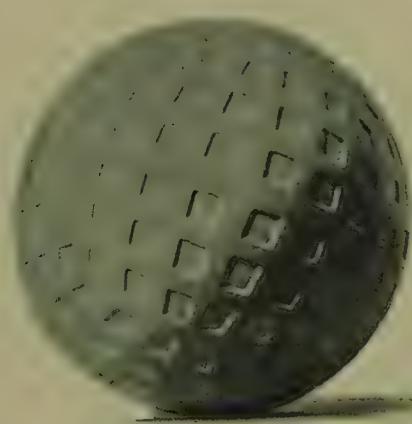
A SHIP'S ANCHOR EMBEDDED IN A CRATER OF ITS OWN MAKING AFTER HAVING BEEN BLOWN THREE MILES ACROSS THE CITY FROM HALIFAX HARBOUR (NOVA SCOTIA): A RELIC OF THE DISASTROUS END OF THE S.S. "MOUNT BLANC," A WAR TRAGEDY WHICH COST THREE THOUSAND LIVES.

One of the most appalling of the disasters which occurred outside the war zones during the Great War was the blowing-up of the S.S. "Mount Blanc", (laden with picric acid, a thousand tons of T.N.T., and a deck cargo of benzol) in Halifax harbour after a collision in 1917. Three thousand men, women, and children were killed or desperately injured, six thousand were rendered homeless, and two square miles of the city became a burning ruin. The largest remaining part of the vessel, her anchor, was hurled three miles across the city, and remains embedded in the earth as a mute and undesigned memorial of the tragic event.

to ship, Pike comes off second best, and has the mortification of seeing the *Swift* go to the bottom. The smuggler seems to be winning all along the line. He is an attractive character, magnanimous and sensible, even if a rogue; and he holds the book, a first novel of quite exceptional merit, well together.

"Wind Driven" is another tale of the sea, but a romantic, Conadian sea, with characters and scenery to match. Señor Ortega de Torro is a heroic figure; indeed, most of the characters put love, duty, and honour before filthy lucre. They would have been an excellent example to the money-grubbing inhabitants of Blackmarsh Port. Mr. Jacland Murmur tells their stories sympathetically in a pleasant, rhetorical prose. He is an able recruit to the school of seamen-novelists.

"The Misted Mirror" is perhaps the most considerable contribution to the month's fiction. It describes the spiritual pilgrimage of a young, post-war Frenchman, Blaise Orlier, and his search for mental and emotional security. The wood-cut on the jacket shows him in perplexity, a monk on his right hand, a woman on his left. But he was not really torn between the religious life and the life of love: his trouble was that he could not sufficiently feel the attraction of either. He was guilty of the sin of indifference; worse than that, he enjoyed his unhappiness. M. Daniel Rops is a sincere and unpretentious writer, a good deal influenced, one would suppose, by Mauriac. Mr. Mottram's translation is curiously uneven. Sometimes it is so good as to seem inspired; at others (e.g., "he set himself to stir his cup") it is painfully literal. "The Misted Mirror" is a depressing but absorbing story.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

CHRISTMAS motoring is usually one round of visits to our friends and friends' friends, so we all drive with the utmost care in order to be sure that we get to our destinations. Unfortunately, accidents do happen, and I am always sorry for the motorist involved in a crash at this time of year, as he is usually suspected, and wrongly so, of suffering from the hospitality of the festive season. Consequently the driver has a thin time when the wassail bowl is sent round, since he does not like to risk having to admit that he has taken any alcoholic liquor before the drive. At least, that is the general feeling of drivers in England at the present season, so that motoring is making them teetotallers "willy nilly" for fear of the courts. At the same time, I wish them all a very Merry Christmas and the best of good luck in the coming year.

Compulsory insurance seems to have discovered some 200,000 owners of motors of various descriptions uninsured in the United Kingdom, and a million or so who are not fully covered against all possible risks. Consequently I rather fancy the insurance agents will bless the new Road Traffic Act with all their heart, as it must add to their incomes. Perhaps, however, I may venture on a word of warning to motorists who are insured, and have been for years, to far as their motoring is concerned. Do not forget as read the conditions of your existing policy. It is

mannered user of public paths and roads they add no fresh instructions to those he or she has been accustomed to observe except in two particulars. The first is that main-road traffic has priority over side-



REGINALD DENNY IN HIS "BABY" CAR DURING THE MAKING OF A RECENT METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER FILM: ONE OF THE FIRST AUSTIN "SEVENS" TO BE SEEN IN AMERICA. WHERE IT ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION.

pedestrians will remember that compulsory third-party insurance will not entitle them to damages if hurt when their own negligence or non-observance of the Highway Code has caused the accident. There is little criticism to be passed on the Highway Code, as it simply places on record officially the ordinary customs and usages observed by decent folk on public roads.

Britain Rules the Waves. Great Britain having captured

the record speed in the air, 357.7 miles per hour set up by Squadron-Leader Orlebar in September 1929 over Southampton Water; the land speed by the late Sir Henry Segrave, at 231.362 m.p.h. at Daytona Beach, Florida, in March 1929; and the sea record, also by Sir Henry, on Lake Windermere in June 1930 (this year), Mr. Charles Harrison captured the outboard motor-boat record, previously held by Italy, for this country by driving his tiny outboard motor-boat at 52.09 miles an hour over the official measured course on the River Medina on Dec. 14. (This river, by the way, flows into Southampton Water.) Mr. Harrison's four laps of the Admiralty measured mile were covered in five minutes, but those who witnessed it were thrilled from start to finish.

On a flat sea, some five square feet of the boat's hull would have been in the water at full speed, but in the roughish water the boat seemed

road traffic at such junctions. The second is that pedestrians must walk on the footpath, if such exists, and not on the roadway. If they walk on roadways when flanked by a footpath, such pedestrians are liable, in any accident they may be involved in, to have the Highway Code brought in as evidence that they were breaking its rules. Also, where no footpaths exist the Code recommends pedestrians to walk on the right-hand side in order to meet the oncoming traffic. I hope this rule will be well observed, and so stop the pernicious and dangerous habit, when two pedestrians are walking in the centre of the road and observe a vehicle approaching, of one jumping to the right and the other to the left, to the danger of both and of worry to the driver of the vehicle. Also I hope that



IN OLD ENGLISH SURROUNDINGS: A WOLSELEY "VIPER" SIX-CYLINDER AT BRIDGE END, WARWICK.

sure to contain quite a number of points which are most important for the insurer to remember. If these conditions are not fully complied with and an accident happens, although the insurance company will have to pay the third-party personal damages for injuries in such cases, the company will have the right to proceed against the insured for recovery of any sums paid out in such circumstances. Therefore, do not imagine because you are insured that you are relieved of all responsibility in connection with accidents that occur on or after Jan. 1, 1931, in Great Britain, or elsewhere if your policy so covers you. You are safe only as long as you have observed the conditions on which the policy is granted. Hence, please read those conditions, as they may lead you to insist on a fuller cover.

Rules of the Road: New Highway Code. During the sitting of the Royal Commission on Motor Traffic some two or three years ago, Sir Arthur Stanley, as Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, and representing the interests of the private motor-carriage owners and motor-cyclists, suggested to the Commission that, to obtain greater safety on roads, there should be an official code of good manners and rules of the road to be observed by all types of users of public highways. The Commission agreed with him, and adopted in Part I. of their recommendations a set of rules from the draft presented by the R.A.C. chairman. These have become, or will become in a few weeks' time, the official Highway Code and Rules of the Road which will have to be observed by pedestrians, cyclists, horse-drivers or animal-drovers, equestrians, and motorists alike. To the well-



A 1931 SINGER "SUPER-SIX" IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING: A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY IN REFLECTIONS AT ALDBURY.



TWO FORD DRIVERS WHO HAVE ELECTED TO REST AND REFRESH AT THE PICTURESQUE OLD BELL INN AT HURLEY, IN THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS: PASSING MOTORISTS WHO HAVE WILLINGLY STOPPED THEIR ENGINES TO PARTAKE OF GENUINE OLD-TIME FARE.

scarcely to touch the surface as it jumped from wave top to wave top; in the air between times it skimmed the surface of the river. On the second lap the boat hit a big wave and shot into the air on its beam-ends. Mr. Harrison flung himself down forward, and brought the boat on the water right side up, and continued this exciting piece of seamanship to win the record by over two miles an hour faster than the previous one made by Italy. He stated afterwards that the hull was not built specially for the attempt on the record, but was an ordinary racing design which cost £35. The four-cylinder outboard engine weighed 108 lb. and cost £85.

Mr. Kaye Don, who proposes to drive Lord Wakefield's racing motor-boat, *Miss England II.*, in the Buenos Aires Regatta next March (1931), has been practising speed-boating on Southampton Water during the past week-ends. He is doing this training (until *Miss England II.* is quite ready) with the *Crescendo*, formerly *Miss Alacrity*, which is the same boat the late Sir Henry Segrave used for speed work prior to the fateful race on Lake Windermere which cost him his life, though winning the sea record for Great Britain. For a displacement boat, *Crescendo* is quite fast, and Kaye Don is considering whether he cannot improve with it the class record for this type, which at present stands at a little over sixty miles an hour. *Crescendo* is capable of sixty-five miles an hour in favourable water, and so seems to stand a chance of achieving this.



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MARINE CARAVANNING.—CX.

BY COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

AT this time of year there must be many an owner who wishes to sell his boat in order to buy another, or perhaps because of the hard times under which we all suffer. To sell a boat quickly at her fair market price is not always an easy matter, and it becomes far more difficult if a rumour gets round that the owner is a very keen seller. Yacht-brokers, or, anyhow, most of them, know how to sell boats, but no efforts or knowledge on their part will avail in some cases unless the would-be seller affords them certain assistance. For example, every broker who is employed should be supplied with at least a dozen good photographs of the boat. These should not be of the amateur snapshot variety, but professional productions that show the vessel at her best, and, for preference, views below decks should also be included. Secondly, a complete inventory, including all deck fittings, should be made out and copies given to each broker, together with a short account of any recent work that may have been done on the yacht. Armed with these aids, yacht-brokers are more likely to find buyers than when they are provided, as they usually are, with poor illustrations and sketchy accounts of the vessels they are asked to sell. Another most important point when selling a boat is to berth her at some well-known and popular yachting centre, which, as far as England is concerned, should be on the South Coast. Care should also be taken to see that she is placed in a conspicuous position, and that, in the event of her being afloat, it is easy at all states of the tide to get aboard. In other words, everything must

be made easy for prospective purchasers. Personally, I think that any vessel for sale should be hauled up on shore, for several good reasons. In the first place, quite apart from accessibility, the prevalence of gossip amongst the yachting fraternity must never be forgotten. The term "silent navy" can never be applied to those in yachting circles, especially as far as the professional element is concerned. They are all experts—in their

A yacht that lies afloat, especially if she has been for sale for some time, is a favourite target of the local "busy-bodies," who will generally attack her by casting doubts as to the soundness of her bottom. The result is that many prospective buyers will not go to the trouble and expense of a survey. The only way to defeat gossip of this sort is to haul the boat out of the water and make it easy for anyone to walk round her and prod her bottom for soft places. To be on the safe side when this is done, it is not a bad plan to make arrangements whereby the local water supply can be connected up to the water-cooling system of the engines. In this way the engines can be tested without having to place the vessel afloat.

It goes without saying, of course, that the yacht should present a clean and tidy appearance and be dry inside. I have known a quick sale effected because the owner kept all the gear on board, with the bunks made up and the stove lit daily to keep the ship dry and sweet. He was a wise salesman, who recognised that a yacht is no different from any other article when it comes to selling her, and that everything depends on the way in which she is presented.

Finally, there is the matter of price. It is useless to expect to regain the whole of the money that has been

spent on fittings and the redecoration of the vessel. The price asked should depend on the state of the hull and machinery, taken in conjunction with her age, the name of the builder, and her general appearance. The price should be stated in any advertisement of the vessel, and should be fixed after making due allowance for the payment of a five per cent. commission.



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own opinion, at any rate—and are ever ready to express opinions on any vessel about which they actually know nothing. Many "greenhorns" have been put off buying boats which are perfectly good bargains because of the chatter of such persons. It seems useless to advise a certain class of buyer to ignore local gossip, so the only line for the seller of a boat to take is some means to prevent it as far as possible.

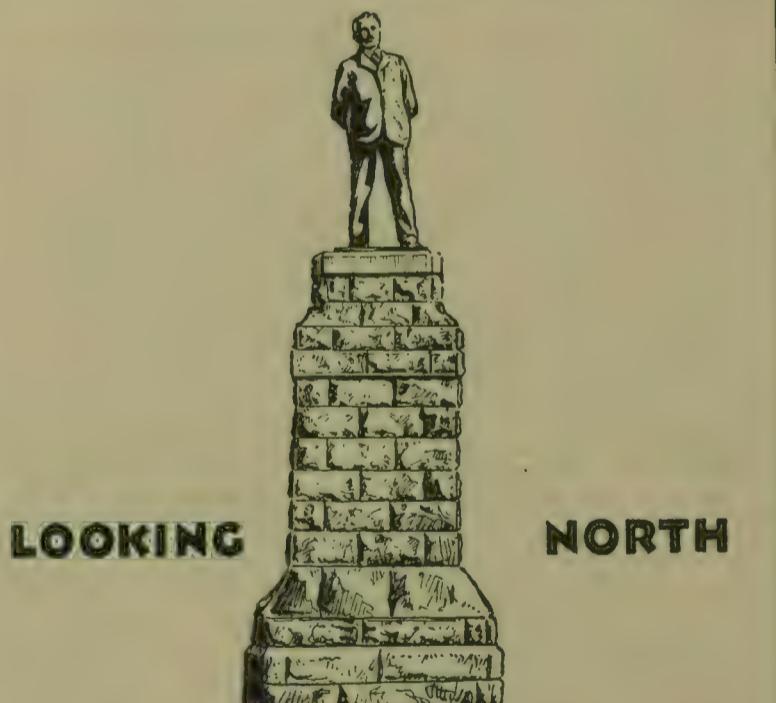


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STAMPS THAT PASS IN THE CHRISTMAS MAILS.

By FRED J. MELVILLE.

AT Christmas time, the new stamps that come to the collector's net bring something of its spirit of goodwill and charity, and especially of the love of children. In 1913 a great Swiss institution for child-welfare had the happy idea, adopted by the Swiss Post Office, of issuing special stamps each Christmas—"Pro Juventute"—for the children. They pay postage just like ordinary stamps, but people pay a halfpenny or two more than their postal value for the benefit of the children. The people delight to use these special stamps on their Christmas mail, and millions of Swiss francs have been thus gathered in and applied to all kinds of useful work for the benefit of the young. The successive issues of stamps have been most attractive, and have evolved charming national themes, so that there has arisen quite a vogue for them among collectors, and the sales increase annually.

This year the series consists of four stamps, three of them carrying on the sequence of Swiss heraldic emblems.

They are in their correct heraldic colours. The 5 centimes, in ultramarine, green, and black, bears the arms of Fribourg; the 10 centimes, purple, black, red, and yellow, has the arms of Altendorf; and the 20 centimes, red, yellow, green, and black, the arms of Schaffhausen. On the highest value, the 30 centimes, is a quaint portrait of a favourite national author who wrote, as Jeremias Gotthelf (his real name was Albert Bitzius), many popular stories of peasant life in the Cantons. In recent years the success of the Pro Juventute stamps in Switzerland has led other countries to adopt a similar kind of stamp for circulation in the Christmas mails.

Uruguay has struck out a new line in a series of stamps inscribed in Spanish "Protección al Anciano"—for the care of the aged. The design, which is finely engraved, shows an old cripple fallen on the steps leading to a home for the aged and infirm; through the door shines the light of welcome to comfort and care. The stamps are sold at double face value, the denominations being 1 centesimo purple, 2 centesimos green, 5 centesimos red, and 8 centesimos blue.

Last year's 1d. charity stamp of New Zealand has been redrawn and reissued this year, and makes a much more effective stamp. Last year's punning inscription, "Help stamp out tuberculosis," has been altered to "Help promote health." The stamp costs the New Zealander 2d., of which 1d. represents the postal value and 1d. the charity contribution.

Only one of the commemorative stamps of Abyssinia was ready for issue in that country in time for the recent coronation; this was the 4 guerches violet. Printings have been made of all the others, but a first supply being rushed to Addis Ababa by aeroplane met with disaster. A new and beautiful definitive issue is being prepared in Paris, with portraits of the Emperor Taffari. The four stamps issued to celebrate the wedding of King Boris of Bulgaria bear portraits of the bride and bridegroom. The 1 lev green and 4 lev rose show both portraits in one panel, while the 2 lev purple and 6 lev blue show the portraits in separate panels.

The first of the new French stamps designed to advertise the International Colonial Exhibition



FRANCE.—THE FIRST OF THE NEW STAMPS TO ADVERTISE THE INTERNATIONAL COLONIAL EXHIBITION, 1931.



BULGARIA.—COMMEMORATING THE MARRIAGE OF KING BORIS AND PRINCESS GIOVANNI.

to be held in Paris in 1931 may, to behold, but judged by our standards it is ugly. Against a solid background is the profile of a negress, and more than half the area of the stamp is given up to inscriptions. The two values to hand are the 15 centimes slate and 50 centimes carmine. In pleasing contrast, there comes, along with these Exhibition stamps, the 3 francs which completes the current pictorial high values; it is steel-plate printed in slate, showing a fine view of Rheims Cathedral.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"TO SEE OURSELVES." AT THE AMBASSADORS.

A SIMPLE, but very sufficient comedy that most middle-aged playgoers will agree is comparable with Haddon Chambers' thirty-year-old "The Tyranny of Tears"—though Miss E. M. Delafield's play could more aptly be described as "The Tragedy of Boredom." Caroline Allerton, forty-ish and self-abnegating, is typical of many wives; she is considerate of her servants, devoted to her children, and studious of her husband's comfort. Her sister, Jill, finding her developing into a housekeeping machine, suggests to her fiancé that he should shake her out of her rut by making love to her. He does so, just sufficiently to make Caroline realise that she has not yet ceased to be attractive to men. Neither she nor her husband has heard the axiom "The man who enters his wife's dressing-room is either a fool or a philosopher," and so Caroline chooses the awkward moment when they are both preparing for bed—she cold-creaming her face, and he hunting for his toothbrush—to broach the important question as to whether, in his opinion, she still possesses sex appeal. This is the most pathetically humorous scene imaginable. We laughed, but it was with a suspicion of tears in our eyes. This is the best domestic comedy we have seen for a very long time, and is certain to appeal to the newly, sometime, and long married. Miss Marda Vanne gave a perfect performance as Caroline; Mr. Nicholas Hannen a neat character comedy-sketch of her husband; while both Miss Helen Spencer and Mr. Maurice Evans were admirable as the young couple. It would be unfair to omit mention of Miss Audrey Cameron's portrayal of a perfectly colourless parlour-maid.

"SMOKY CELL," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Though not as good as "On the Spot" or "The Calendar," this latest drama of Mr. Edgar Wallace's is excellent entertainment. It is lacking in emotional appeal; none of the characters arouses one's sympathy, and, consequently, the play has much the same effect as if one were reading the report of a trial, rather than watching it in the court. The first act, at the police headquarters, Chester city, is a little too talky. We see the honest Captain Tricks O'Regan refusing to be bribed by a gangster, and swearing to "get him," and so avenge the seven comrades who have recently been shot. A year later, the gangster is in gaol; we see him behind bars, like a wild beast; in an interview, when he and his visitor are locked into adjoining cages; and about to be electrocuted. As he is going to be "put on the chair," he is rescued by his comrades, who effect an entry by posing as newspaper reporters. The one who has a pocketful of revolvers escapes being searched by pretending to faint. Which suggests that those American policemen who are honest are also rather stupid. The third act is a triumphant piece of audacity for the author. Scarcely half-a-dozen lines are spoken. One scene is played in complete silence, showing Tricks O'Regan alone in his apartment, anticipating a vengeful visit from the escaped gangster. Indeed, O'Regan only speaks once in the last two scenes: "I didn't drink the whisky, and I wasn't asleep"—which sufficiently explains the presence of the gangster's dead body on the floor. Messrs. Harold Huth, Bernard Nedell, Percy Parsons, Charles Farrell, and, indeed, all the company did excellent work, but none of the characters left a very vivid impression.

Wonderful opportunities for house furnishing at remarkably advantageous prices are offered by Liberty's, Regent Street, W., whose annual sale will

begin on Monday, Dec. 29. No catalogue will be issued, so an early visit is essential. Surplus stocks of materials, odd lengths, trial pieces, remnants, etc., of furnishing and dress fabrics will be offered at clearance prices. Over 125,000 yards of cretonne in exclusive designs and beautiful colourings, 37 in. wide, have been reduced to half-price, and dress lengths are available from 5s. Ready-to-wear dresses of Yoru crêpe are reduced to 27s. 6d. from 42s., and afternoon and evening frocks have suffered similarly drastic reductions.

The most popular kind of book for little people is undoubtedly the Annual, or "variorum" volume of stories and pictures. One that is sure of a wide welcome is "The Elizabeth Gift-Book." By Ida May (Marriott; 7s. 6d.), so named from the opening item—"Princess Elizabeth"—a child's biography of Britain's best-loved baby, with charming colour-portraits of the Princess and her parents. Distinctive and tasteful, especially on the artistic side, is "The Children's Play Hour Book." Fourth Hour. Edited by Stephen Southwold (Longmans, Green; 6s.). The customary feast of amusing pictures, in colour and otherwise, is provided in "Father Tuck's Annual" (5s.), as well as in the "Little People's Annual" (4s.) and "My Playtime Story-Book" (1s. 6d.), all three published by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons.

Humorous verse has a distinguished exemplar in "New Cautionary Tales." Verses by H. Belloc. Pictures by N. Bentley (Duckworth; 5s.). Though not quite so good as Mr. Belloc's earlier "Cautionary Tales" and "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," this book is still in a class by itself. Poems and a burlesque play for children are accompanied by some pleasant colour-plates in "The Sweep and the Daffodil." By Mabel Constanduros. Illustrated by Harry Folkard (Alston Rivers; 3s. 6d.). All these books will make delightful Christmas gifts for young people.

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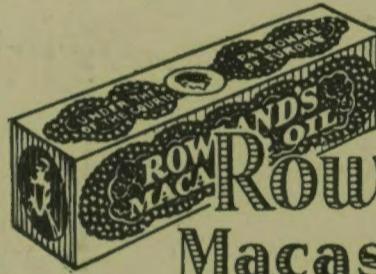
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